

# THE MID-CONTINENT MAGAZINE

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## MIDWINTER TRAVELS IN MEXICO.

BY DR. AUGUST SCHACHNER.



Monster Organ Cactus.

TO see Mexico as it is, and the Mexicans as they are, one must not follow the example of the many travelers who confine their experiences and observations almost entirely to the Capital. To go direct there would be plunging into a sea of novelty which is at first too deep to be understood, and too broad to be appreciated; for the City of Mexico, carefully considered, is like a monstrous museum containing a representation of everything that can be seen throughout the Republic. Leave your cushioned seat in the sleeper, and take a spin across the parched plains in a diligence; cross over the mountains upon a bronco, spend a night in a *mesone*, and take a meal or two in an Indian hut, with a straight-haired, sparkling-eyed peon woman as your cook, your waitress and your cashier. Test your digestion with *tortillas* and *frijoles*, stimulate your strength with *pulque* and *tequila*, and then when you reach the Capital you are ready for the second course of Mexican experiences.

The importance of observing this course, in order to obtain a true idea of the condition of affairs, was fully impressed upon my mind soon after leaving Torreon, my first stopping place. Torreon is the distributing station of northern Mexico. It is the point where the International crosses the Mexican Central railway, and where no one ever thinks of stopping unless he is actually forced to. The town is built of adobe huts and is inhabited by

Indians who are practically not different from those described by Prescott in his work on the "Conquest of Mexico." It is the only town in which not even a single church building can be seen. The natives were half clad and nearly all barefoot, and amused themselves by chasing one another through the dusty streets, until the entire place presented a fogged appearance from clouds of dust. Their homes were of the rudest kind of adobe huts, and contained nothing but a few Indians snugly rolled up in their *zarapes*, and closely huddled together like so many pigs. Occasionally I came upon a hut that had, in addition to the sleeping figures, an Indian corn mill, and, resting upon three

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Peon Children of Torreon Selling Pulque.

boulders, a large flat stone which was used in baking *tortillas*.

In strolling through the remote quarters of this place I noticed that my presence was creating an unusual interest. The first thought was that they were so accustomed to their *mantas*, *sombreros* and *zarapes*, that when a stranger appeared in a modern dress he contrasted so much with the surroundings that he became an object of curiosity; but not so, for with each succeeding step it became more and more evident that there was something besides mere curiosity. The dust-covered children would stare at me for an instant, and then, with a shriek, they would dart into their huts, slamming the flimsy door behind them. Occasionally the door would re-open and the shriveled countenance of an old Indian squaw would appear, but only for a moment. The men drowsily drifted into bunches, and seemed to discuss the significance of my visit. When I came near some of these groups they would, one by one, move uneasily toward their huts, until the gathering had melted down to but one or two, who eyed me in a manner that was more attentive than agreeable. Upon making inquiry as to the cause of the emphatic aversion shown towards me,

the following reasonable explanation was elicited. The town had been riddled for weeks by the ravages of typhus fever and small-pox. The destruction of life had been so great that the Federal government was obliged to send medical officers compelling, against the wishes of the people, the enforcement of vaccination and other prophylactic measures; and all the interest

concerning me arose from the mistaken idea that I was one of the unwelcome representatives of the government.

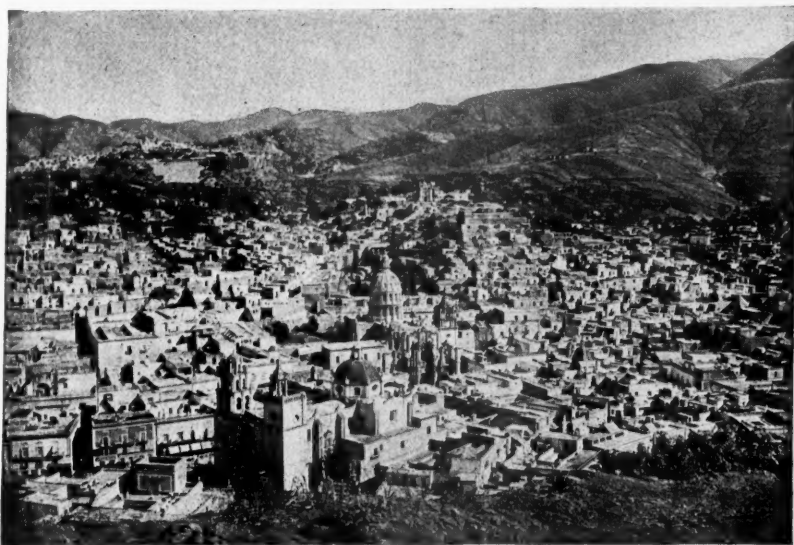
I then took a seat upon the portico of our eating-house, and was soon absorbed in the many unnecessary and grotesque actions of the natives. Directly opposite my position was an adobe wall that was receiving the few last rows of bricks necessary for its completion. This I watched as long as the work lasted, but, unfortunately, work in Mexico never lasts long, for in the course of the morning, the entire force succeeded in laying just seven adobe bricks, which was one more than was necessary for a complete row. Then the mud, the bricks and the energy all gave out at the same time; but before leaving the work the force withdrew a short distance to view the progress that had been made, and during the inspection comments from all sides seemed to be plentiful. The mud-mixer ventured a suggestion to the chief brick-layer, which seemed to reflect upon the reputation of this dignitary, who responded by tearing away the *zarape* of the mud-mixer, and pushing him down in the dust. After a short scramble they were separated, and, through the intervention of other peons who were standing

about, the differences were adjusted, and everyone appeared satisfied. It was now getting toward noon, and not only did the work in which I was interested cease, but the whole town began to lag and get drowsy; this was an early indication that everything was being prepared for the enjoyment of the siesta, which puts a quietus to all the small bustle and commotion of the place. The ever patient burro was no longer seen crawling down the dusty road; the chasing figures had disappeared, and the clouds of dust so commonly seen had all subsided. Everything remained quiet until late in the afternoon, when the lull was broken by a number of whoops and yells arising from the lower end of the town. I strolled down within view of the scene, and there I beheld such a collection of peons that for awhile I was perplexed to know whence they all came; men, women and children of all sizes, chasing one another about and rolling and tumbling in one large and dusty lot.

The lords of the adobes with their entire families were out for a frolic,—a frolic which none but a peon could enjoy; and this one seemed to bring out the whole town, for unlike other places

Torreon seemed to have but one social rank, that of the peons. So that instead of being but a ragged appendage, as they are to the communities in the other parts of the country, they constitute the whole of society in Torreon.

It is almost impossible to say much of any part of Mexico without introducing the peon, who forms the major half of the two ranks of Mexican life. He is that interesting character that one sees dressed in a suit of unbleached cotton, commonly called "*manta*," with a sash, or *rebozo*, twisted about his waist, and a large sugar-loafed sombrero protecting his brown skin from any further coloration by the sun. If he is not barefooted he will have a pair of leather sandals, purchased at the expense of a few *centavos* from one of the many merchants about the *portales*. He may be a pure Indian, or may have coursing through his veins a mixture of Spanish and Indian blood, making him a true Mexican peon. However, it matters not so much as to his dress, or as to the exact nature of his blood, the only thing that keeps him in his present rank, and prevents him from entering other ranks, is the singleness of his poverty. Wherever one goes one



Bird's Eye View of Guanajuato.

may see the peon. Occasionally he is alone, but usually he is in a group. He salutes you when you arrive, and escorts you when you leave. Whether you are crossing plains, climbing mountains, or elbowing your way through cities, far and near, you never fail to catch a glimpse of that white figure, with a high hat and colored waist-band. He is dressed in harmony with the country, and, wherever he is seen, he never fails in adding a picturesque interest to the scene. Such are the peons, and such were the players, who kept

haciendas, and towns with churches whose soft-hued domes rose high against the clear blue sky. Every moment brought a new scene of additional interest, and every scene was a picture of the most charming effect. Under the arched skies of blue and white, brightened by constant sunshine, it is no wonder that even poverty itself should lose its greswomeness, and take on a picturesque cast.

This continued until night, which found me whirling on toward the mountains in quest of one of the oldest and



Pantheon Municipal, Guanajuato. Showing the Vaultlets in the East Wall.

the air of Torreon filled with clouds of yellow dust.

The journey of the next day was one of unusual interest, for hitherto I had seen nothing but a wilderness of chaparral and a few primitive Indian villages; but now with each succeeding kilometer there was unfolded a new and varied landscape. The chaparral was no longer to be seen. In its place appeared plains dotted with tottering burros, and picturesque drivers dressed in their *mantas* and high *sombreros*. The Indian villages gave way to distant

quaintest cities in the Republic; a city perched against the skies on the very summit of a mountain, whose stony bosom contains a dome of silver of sufficient strength to form a foundation for a city of fifty thousand people.

When I reached the little station of Marfil, which guards the entrance of that romantic ravine leading to Guanajuato, the tram-car was in readiness to carry us along the crooked road which winds an intricate course among the crags and adobes leading to the city upon the top of the mountain. When the tram-car unloads one upon the



charming little plaza, heavily draped in the shades of night, one feels as though he had suddenly dropped upon another planet, for in quaintness this plaza surpasses all others. An excellent view of this plaza can be obtained from the piazza of the hotel; and, since it is hemmed in by some of the most important buildings of the town, including the governor's mansion, the handsomest theater in the Republic, and one of the oldest *iglesia* in the land, it becomes the principal center of the town. During the day it is made interesting by the peons, who seek beneath its canopy of dense foliage protection from the burning sun. At night its silence is broken by the well-timed footsteps of pairs and trios of dons, dressed in pointed shoes and tinsel trousers, with long black capes flowing from their shoulders and a head-wear of ornamented sombreros. After these have disappeared, the stillness of the remaining hours is broken by the shrill whistle of the patrolman. This signal is given in the plaza, and receives such well-graded answers as to make the night hideous.

Guanajuato is one of the best patrolled cities in Mexico, and is, in all probability, better patrolled than some of the larger cities in the United States. With the stroke of the clock in the *iglesia*, which indicates the quarters of the hour, the first whistle is blown in the plaza, and before its sound has died out the second has begun, which is followed by a third, and so on until the signal is carried down the line to the very suburb of the town, and until a very faint whistle can be heard in the far off distance, producing a most weird feeling.

Early the next morning after my arrival I was aroused by a tapping at my door, which, upon opening, disclosed a keen-eyed, sallow-faced peon,

dressed in a recently laundered suit of cotton. He was spotlessly clean from the top of his coarse black hair to his sandals, and the only bit of color, excepting his complexion, that could be seen about his dress, was a blue *rebozo*, tastefully wound around his waist. Upon my asking his name and the object of his visit, he answered with a polite bow, "Pablo Roderrigez, *señor*, I am the *cargadore* who was sent to show you the sights of Guanajuato." He was dismissed with the request to await my summons in the plaza, just opposite the hotel. Soon after this we were elbowing our way through a crooked street crowded with peons and burros. At first the courier led me to the top of the "Cerro de San Miguel" that I might obtain a *bueno vista* of the whole town. To reach the summit we followed an almost perpendicular street,



Ejected Tenants in Underground Vaults of the Pantheon Municipal, Guanajuato.



Falls of Juanacatlan, near Guadalajara.

scarcely more than four feet wide, lined with adobes, which were built upon terraces cut into the side of the mountain. From this lookout the city could be seen stretched along the bottom of the ravine. The crooked streets, teeming with life, could now be traced along their intricate course, and the *patios* of the homes could be watched without hindrance or permission. High above the flattened roofs were the domes of the noted churches of La Parochia and La Campania; and far off upon the opposite side of the ravine were the mines and the famous Pantheon, which are the great attractions of Guanajuato. We went first to the nearest mine, not omitting a visit to the Pantheon. On our way I became deeply interested in that old Spanish cemetery with its sides lined with rows of vaultlets, in which rest the bones of the former aristocracy of Guanajuato. I wondered how so small a space had been used for burial, over and over again, and how a single coffin during the "*tifo*" epidemic became the property of the community, and served for the burial of a whole neighborhood. It was explained that the bodies were wrapped in a sheet and carried in this coffin to a grave-like trench; there, by means of a spring, the bottom was dropped back, and its contents allowed to fall into the

ditch, and this act was repeated with the same coffin until trench after trench had been filled.

But what makes the place famous is an underground vault, in which are stored the bones of those who for ages have been buried in the Pantheon. Upon a massive arch is inscribed "Pantheon Municipal." The walls upon the inside are lined with vaultlets, and the surface of the cemetery consists of loose earth, with a scattering of human bones.

The vaultlets are reserved for the autocracy, and at the time of a burial are leased to the family of the deceased, in the same business-like manner that would mark the leasing of one of their homes. Occasionally the family of the deceased are unable to renew the payment at the expiration of the term of lease. In this event the tenant of the vaultlet is promptly ejected, and placed leaning against the wall among the multitude of bones in the underground passage. The courier stepped aside to arrange the bribe with the sexton so that I might be shown the underground vault. This being effected, he led us across the Pantheon, just opposite the entrance, pushed aside a few rough rails, and exposed a manhole which he bade me enter. I accepted the invitation, with the courier

just behind me, the sexton bringing up the rear. Once within the man-hole, we were obliged to descend a winding stair-way ingeniously constructed of stone, which opens into a long, narrow, musty-smelling passage, imperfectly illuminated by streams of light pouring in through circular ventilators. The walls are lined with partly-dressed mummies, and the ends of the passage were filled with the bones of thousands who once occupied graves in the Pantheon. When one sees the numerous mummies standing about, one can hardly realize that they represent the remains of aristocratic dons, whose families are unable to meet the rental of the vaultlets, and that this non-payment is responsible for the many post-mortem indignities to which these mummified remains are subjected. The population of a whole city silently reposes here, with nothing to break the deathly stillness except the occasional fluttering and chirping of the birds as they fly in and out, and perch

upon the mummies with grewsome familiarity.

The *mozo*, who accompanied me to the historic prison, "Alhondiga de Granaditas," known as the castle, was quite a different character from Pablo. In his dress he reminded one more of a brigand than an escort. In place of the sandals he had sharp-pointed, high-heel boots, to which were strapped a pair of cruel-looking spurs. He wore slightly tinselled, tight-fitting trousers and a short Mexican coat, with an extra broad sombrero. His principal occupation consisted in carrying communications to and from the mines; and, owing to the dangers to which he was constantly subjected, his attire was topped off with a leather belt, filled with cartridges, and a large army revolver. I noticed also that, unlike Pablo, he had but few friends among the passers-by; and when we reached the Alhondiga he seemed to be familiar with the prison in all its details. He

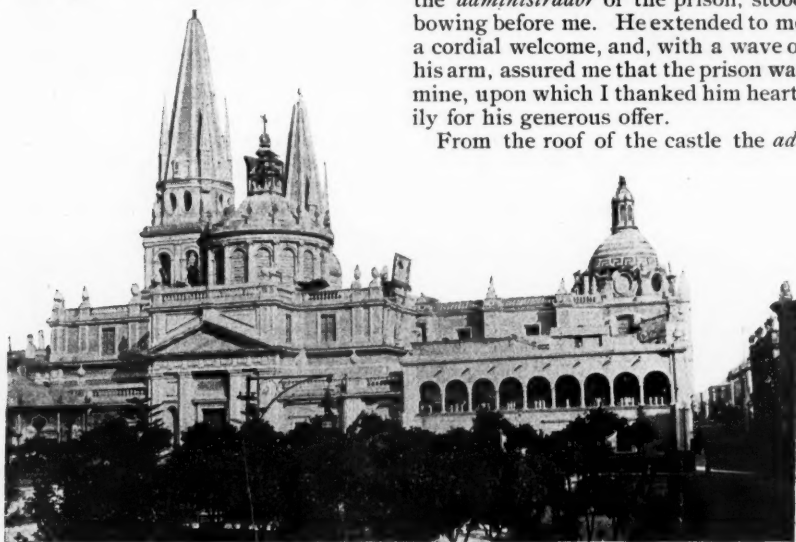


Governor's Mansion and Plaza, Guanajuato.

marched me through the guards, and left me standing in a small dark ante-room, which had but one opening. That was cut through the heavy oak which led into the *patio* of the castle. In a few moments he returned in company with a guard, who made some signs to a weather-beaten face that was peeping through a small window. The door opened, and in a commanding voice the guard spoke out, "*Pasa.*" Before I was aware, I had passed into the interior of the prison with the door securely closed behind me. We had got in with such ease that I began to wonder if we would get out with as

Federal prison. Long ago it was captured by Hidalgo in his fight for independence. Within its *patio* were corraled some Spaniards. As to their fate, one has but to glance at the walls, and the story is told. The *mozo* suggested a climb up the winding stone stair-way to the roof, and when we reached the darkest part of the passage, about half way from the top, footsteps were heard following rapidly behind us. I poked the *mozo*, and shouted "*Anda la! Anda la!*" that we might reach the roof before our pursuer could overtake us. We had scarcely reached the top before our follower, who proved to be the *administrador* of the prison, stood bowing before me. He extended to me a cordial welcome, and, with a wave of his arm, assured me that the prison was mine, upon which I thanked him heartily for his generous offer.

From the roof of the castle the ad-



Cathedral and Sagrario at Guadalajara.

little trouble. No sooner had we cleared the entrance than the *mozo* reached out both hands to his numerous friends that began to cluster around him. From this it was apparent that he was not as friendless as I first supposed; and after all he differed from Pablo in that his friends were all nicely quartered in the Alhondiga at the expense of the government, instead of wandering aimlessly about Guanajuato.

The history of the Alhondiga is throughout a story of blood. Once an exchange, then a fortress, now a

*ministrador* pointed out many of the notable landmarks of the place, including the famous hacienda where the silver was still being extracted from its ore by the primitive *patio* process.

After exchanging courtesies, I again thanked him for his kindness, and asked permission of his escort to the door, where we parted with an exceedingly ceremonious "*Muchas gracias adios, señor.*"

The evening following our arrival at Guadalajara was one of the regular



Law School and Plaza, Guadalajara.

concert nights in the "Plaza de Armas;" and in the twilight which was stealing over the city could be seen groups of representatives of all grades of society, from the haughty and exclusive dons to the meekest and lowest peons, leisurely wending their way to the plaza. We joined in the procession to this center of attraction, which proved to be a veritable Eden; for nowhere in the whole of Mexico can be seen a spot filled with more beauty and enchantment than is contained in this little square. From its boundaries to its center, in sunshine or by moonlight, it is imposing and attractive. On the north side is one of the grandest old cathedrals in Mexico, on the east is the most gorgeous State palace in the country, and on the south and west are the ever interesting *portales* linked together by royal arches into one solid chain of masonry. Each of the pillars supporting the *portales* becomes a nucleus for buyers and merchants with their endless variety of small wares. These keep the plaza alive with interest during the day, and at night their flaming

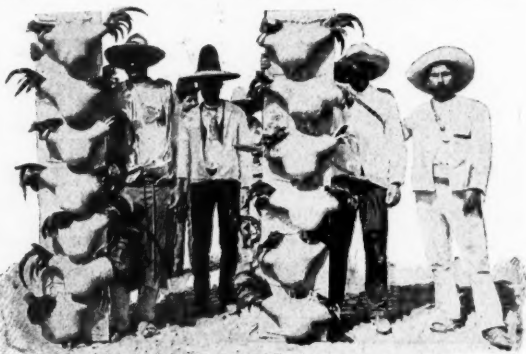
torches become a pleasing contrast to the livelier scenes beyond. In the center is the band stand, filled with gaudily uniformed musicians. Diverging walks amid beds of roses, violets, jessamines and orange blossoms connect the small circle which surrounds the music with the broad promenade which extends about the square. Convenient settees for the weary and watching spectators are arranged around the broad promenade in the full glare of the electric lights, while others are placed in spots shaded by twining roses and orange trees, for the coquettish *señoras* and courting *señoritas*. Such groups of attractive dons and bewitching *señoras* and *señoritas*, cooing and wooing under the checkered shade amid the balmy air filled with fragrance and melody! Everybody bears a joyful and contented look, even the peon who has cast aside the misery of his poverty, and sits attentively around the music stand, drinking in the melody as though it were the sole object of his existence. The don joins with his neighbors in strutting about and



discussing the topics of the hour. Groups of handsome *señoras*, engaged in earnest and animated conversation, occupy the shaded settees; and quartets of *señoritas* dressed in delicate costumes of white, pink and blue, with sparkling black eyes and bewitching faces surrounded by a head-wear of lace, glide merrily about, casting their captivating glances at groups of their admirers. This revelry of gossip, courtship, and pleasure is kept up until ten o'clock, when the music ceases, and with a mutual exchange of *buenos noches*, everybody starts homeward for the night.

The term of "La Perla del Occident" is well deserved by Guadalajara. It is, in fact, such a clean, modern, and aristocratic looking place that it seems at variance with the balance of the country. Its streets are all wide, well paved, and thoroughly swept. The houses are models of taste and beauty. In truth, while collectively considered, they are more attractive than those in the Capital itself. They all stand flush with the sidewalk, and many are but one-story high. The entrance leads through an imposing arch-way, occupying in nearly every instance the center of the building. The windows are protected by iron bars, and the door-way, although sufficiently open to allow a good view of the delightful *patio* or court within, is still protected from intruders by fancifully constructed gates of iron. Behind these is the faithful *mozo*, who stands guard over the *patio*, and is ever ready to serve politely both master and caller. In style these homes are nearly all of Moorish architecture, rather low in character, with one or more courts filled with flowers. Some of these courts have in their center a flower bed filled with the rarest plants, whose blossoms perfume the place with the most delicate odors; or they are carpeted with glazed tiling made in the potteries for which Guadalajara is

famous. This tiling, which is always kept scrupulously clean, is relieved of its plainness by large, handsome vases filled with flowers. Once within his court the master of such a house enjoys all the freedom and sunshine of out-doors, while he is still in the very heart of his home. He walks among his flowers, basks in the sunshine, and is soothed into his siesta by the lullabies from his feathered songsters. This



Transporting Game Cocks.

beauty, however, is not confined to the dwellings alone. The public buildings are all arranged and kept with as much taste and care as the private homes.

Among these are two of unusual note; a famous orphanage, the Hospicio de Pobres, with a dome which resembles in size and somewhat in appearance the dome of the national Capitol at Washington. This orphanage shelters and educates in the most thorough manner one thousand Mexican orphans. The size and attractiveness of the building can be appreciated, when we consider that it has twenty-three *patios*, which are enlivened by the gushing waters of as many fountains, surrounded by artistically designed patches of flowers and rare plants.

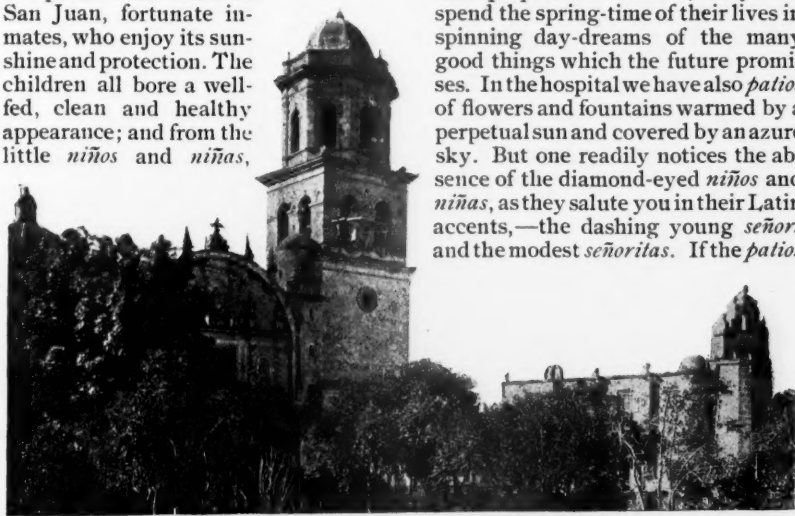
A visit to the Hospicio takes one to within sight of the little suburb known as the "San Juan de Dios" (St. John of God), which practically represents the slums of Guadalajara. To pass this little suburb unnoticed would not only be an error, but one would lose much

of the interest in the Hospicio; for the little suburb and the Hospicio, lying within a short distance of each other, furnish a striking example of the absence of any middle class in Mexican life.

In San Juan, poverty reigns supreme. The adobes are small affairs devoid of windows or any means of ventilation other than the low door-way, which serves as the entrance. They are closely crowded together along a narrow, dusty road, without shade, flowers, music, or even a plaza. Nothing can be seen but marks of poverty, and these exist in such an abundance, and the suburb is so completely isolated by a small intervening river, that one feels as though one were passing through an entirely different city. When you reach the Hospicio the conditions are completely reversed, and with such suddenness that you begin to appreciate what intimate and yet what distant neighbors poverty and plenty really are in Mexico. The Hospicio is not only attractive by nature, but it is made so by the manner of its construction, and the condition in which it is kept. No trouble or expense has been spared in making it a desirable home and a most thorough school for the many unfortunate, or, if compared with those in San Juan, fortunate inmates, who enjoy its sunshine and protection. The children all bore a well-fed, clean and healthy appearance; and from the little *niños* and *niñas*,

who are still wrestling with their alphabets, to the young *señors*, who are being prepared for their struggle in the world, and the *señoritas*, who are being polished in music and the arts, contentment and discipline of the highest order could be observed.

Another public building is the Hospital de San Miguel de Belen, which was founded in 1787, and is perhaps without a second in the entire world. This has twenty *patios* filled with fountains and flowers. The corridors and wards are so numerous that it becomes a perfect labyrinth. These corridors seem to run in almost every direction, apparently forming an intricate net-work without any design whatever; but such is not the case, for if you are shown the plan of the whole, you will notice at once that they describe an immense cross. But the atmosphere of the hospital is quite different from that of the Hospicio, where flowers and sunshine and the splashing of waters from sparkling fountains are blended with the mingled laughter of the favored, light-hearted children, who drift from *patio* to *patio* among the thousand-hued blossoms which pour forth their fragrance; where, under the canopy of a blue sky and perpetual sunshine, they can spend the spring-time of their lives in spinning day-dreams of the many good things which the future promises. In the hospital we have also *patios* of flowers and fountains warmed by a perpetual sun and covered by an azure sky. But one readily notices the absence of the diamond-eyed *niños* and *niñas*, as they salute you in their Latin accents,—the dashing young *señors* and the modest *señoritas*. If the *patios*



Garden and Church of San Francisco. Guadalajara.

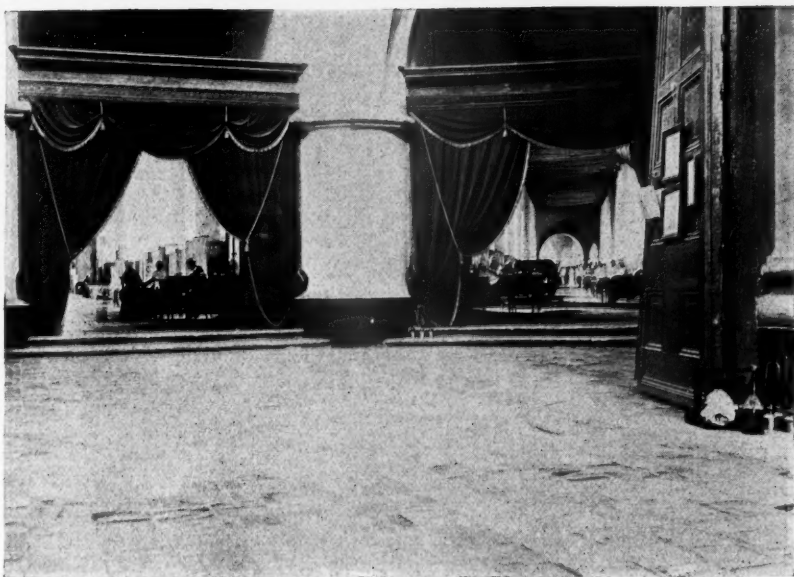
of the hospital contain any signs of life at all, it is in only a few feeble and decrepit forms dragging themselves about, moping amid melancholy recollections. The odors of the drugs and the hospital have masked the fragrance of the flowers in many of the courts; and the suffering within the corridors is such that the sunshine, the flowers, and the fountains, seem to mock instead of to assuage the misery of the place. The corridors, which appear to run in almost every direction, are veritable storehouses of misery and disease; and the patients, like the country, present phases of diseases common alone to Mexico. One corridor, which represents a ward, is crowded with prisoner patients. The entrance to this ward is barred with heavy iron gates, in front of which is stationed a military guard. Not only in front of the entrance to this ward are guards stationed, but soldiers are scattered here and there throughout the whole hospital, including the entrance, which is guarded by a double file of soldiers equipped for any emergency.

There is another feature of Guadalajara, which although thoroughly Mexican, and noticed wherever one goes, is never seen in as pronounced a degree as it is here. The siesta, or noon-day nap, is observed in the most striking manner in Guadalajara. Imagine one hundred thousand people sound asleep for two hours during what should be the busiest part of the day. In mid-day, with the sun shining so bright that it seems to ridicule the idea, everybody takes a nap. The *portales* that before were teeming with life are now deserted; the streets are abandoned, and the carriages have disappeared. The tram-car is driven to the stable and locked up as though it had quit forever. The city is as dead in the middle of the day as it is in the early hours of the morning. But when the siesta is over, it is surprising to notice how rapidly everything becomes astir.

Guadalajara, besides having in itself many interesting and pleasing features, is surrounded by more natural attractions than perhaps any of the other Mexican cities. Geographically it is



Street Scene in Guadalajara.



Interior of Hospital de San Miguel de Belén, Guadalajara.

situated in one of the most fertile of the Mexican valleys, and the journey from the main line of the road to the Queen City is an unusually interesting one. Spinning along through the queerest and most picturesque villages, luxuriant gardens, monstrous haciendas, and, after traveling up the valley for some distance, one passes along the banks of the second largest river in the Republic. Here is a view of ancient-looking bridges, foaming rapids and the roaring and tumbling cascades and waterfalls of the Lerma. Within a short distance is Lake Chapala, the largest lake in Mexico; and near are the famous Falls of Juana-catlan.

The Falls of Juana-catlan were the object of a day's pleasant travel. We left Guadalajara in the morning, and, after riding for an hour, reached the station of El Castillo, a little more than twenty kilometers away. Here the tram-car was in readiness to carry us a few additional kilometers to the little adobe village just opposite the falls.

The falls, while not as large as our Niagara, are of immense power and of considerable beauty. They have a

width of over five hundred feet, and a drop of almost seventy feet; and if the power from this waterfall were carefully utilized, it would be sufficient to drive all the machinery and tram-cars in the entire Republic. At present but a small portion of the power is employed. It runs a corn mill, and the electric light plant which illuminates Guadalajara, twenty-five kilometers distant.

Another attraction of the Queen City is the noted Barranca de Rio Lerma, or the cañon of the Lerma river, where you descend a narrow precipitous road to the depth of over two thousand feet, passing from a temperate to a torrid climate.

The entrance to this *barranca* is situated a number of kilometers from the city; and on the way one's attention will be attracted by the number of pack trains loaded with long, curious looking casks. These hail from the little village of Tequila, where the finest quality of *tequila*, or Mexican whisky, is distilled.

*Tequila* is prepared by distilling a mash obtained from the root and central part of a small variety of the century



Patio of the Municipal Hospital, Puebla.

plant, or the *Agave Americana*, which is peculiarly abundant in the State of Jalisco. There is another preparation, obtained in a similar manner by using a larger variety of the *agave*, which is called *mescal*, so that *tequila* and *mescal* are practically one and the same article. Unlike our whisky, which is aged before using, these liquors are placed upon the market for use just after leaving the still. Were this not the case, they could be mellowed with age into very pleasant beverages, instead of being liquors that are as colorless as water and as hot as vitriol.

Until a few years ago this *barranca* was infested by one of the shrewdest bands of brigands in the country. The evidence of their former presence can still be seen at a point where the *barranca* makes a sharp turn. Here are about thirty crosses of different sizes and construction. Each of these represents a murder, it being a custom in Mexico to erect a cross wherever a man dies from violence. In the bottom lands of the *barranca* can be seen large haciendas, where bananas, coffee and vanilla beans are cultivated.

With these numerous attractive features located in one of the garden valleys where the rarest fruits and the choicest vegetables are plentiful, with the healthiest climate and the most pleasant surroundings, it is safe to predict that in time Guadalajara will be the Saratoga of Mexico and the health-resort of America.

Querétaro is always an interesting town to the traveler. The sleepiness of its methods is proverbial throughout the land. The stories of its opals have spread to distant countries, and one should not pass this place without dipping into the melancholy reminiscences of the tragedy which, hardly more than a quarter of a century ago, filled the civilized world with grief and horror. In Querétaro the usual siesta is completely absorbed in one continuous slumber. Everything here sleeps, and sleeps nearly all the time. The benches in the plaza are filled with drowsy peons, the dogs are stretched out in the middle of the street as motionless as though they were images of stone; and if all the plagues known to mortal man were to

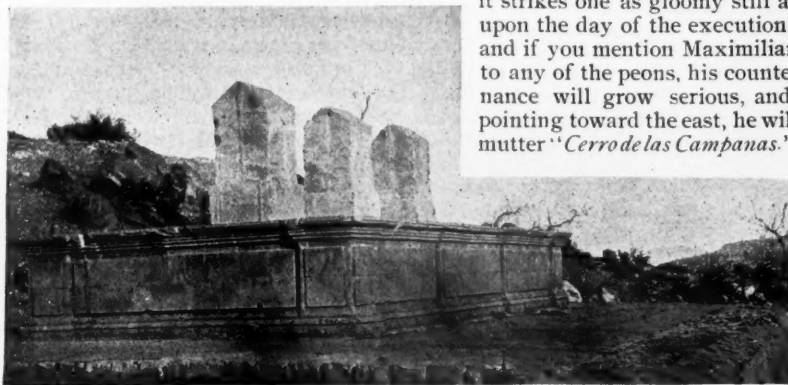


strike this place at one time, they could hardly give to it a more abandoned appearance. If you poke one of these peons sufficiently to awake him, he will slowly raise his head and look at you with a vacant stare; and should you attempt to engage his services, don't be surprised if he answers you with a shrug of his shoulders and a mumbling of "*Hasta mañana, señor*," for that is the commonest of all the Mexican expressions. So common is it that even the country has been called "The Land of Manana." When he uses this expression it is merely a subterfuge which he employs to evade the work, or, at most, to put it aside for the present; for it seems to be a part of his religion to avoid doing anything that he is not absolutely obliged to do. Should he, by sheer circumstance, be compelled to it, he will always put off the doing until the last moment. He firmly believes that procrastination is the mother of comfort and ease. That expression may mean "to-morrow," "in a few days," or never. It generally means never, if you leave it to him, and he happens to have a few extra *centavos*. If you push him a little, it means in a few days, and if you crowd him hard, and he is penniless and hungry, it means to-morrow.

After hailing a number of peons, one was at last found sufficiently awake and necessarily embarrassed to accompany me in tracing the landmarks in connection with the Maximilian history.

Maximilian, as is well known, accepted the crown of Mexico at the instance of Napoleon III. In coming here he waived his claim of succession to the Austrian throne, and hoped, with French aid, to reconcile the conflicting elements that were keeping Mexico in one perpetual war. Although his intentions were meant for the best, he disappointed the Church and displeased the warring factions; so that from the very beginning he was confronted by difficulties, which with time increased in number and proportion until his reign became one sad and dismal failure. This continued for a short time, until the United States, unwilling to witness any foreign encroachment, promptly informed Napoleon that the French must withdraw from Mexico. They withdrew, and left Maximilian practically without support. Instead of abdicating forever, as he at first intended to do, he was prevailed upon to change his plans, and without the aid of any foreign power to try to overcome the opposing odds. In this course he was soon defeated, captured, court-martialed, and executed. This in a word is the story of Maximilian's reign in Mexico. But the real history of this melancholy reign is not so briefly told; for the story of the troubles that befell this unfortunate adventurer forms the saddest chapter in the most pathetic history known. Although the sun of more than twenty-five summers has showered its brightness upon this spot,

it strikes one as gloomy still as upon the day of the execution; and if you mention Maximilian to any of the peons, his countenance will grow serious, and, pointing toward the east, he will mutter "*Cerro de las Campanas*."



Where Maximilian was shot.

This means the hill of the bells, and it was upon this hill that the execution took place. The way thither is through abandoned-looking plazas, along narrow, dusty, vacant-appearing streets, most of which are without sidewalks, and lined with houses almost uniformly one-story high. But after leaving the city, a different view opens before the traveler. Instead of dusty streets and low, secluded houses, one reaches a road-way, bordered upon each side by well irrigated and luxuriant gardens.

In the distance are the gray outlines of a sloping hill, with a low wall of masonry, over-topped by the tips of three small shafts of red stone. Here is the most historic spot in the entire Republic. For it was here that the independence of Mexico was sealed. It was upon the "Cerro de las Campanas," at the dawn of the nineteenth of June, in the year 1867, that the unfortunate adventurer from Miramar welcomed the death that broke the shackles which had enslaved him so long in misery.



## JUNE SONG.

BY JEAN WRIGHT.

AH, lovely June, thy sunny days are here,  
The world seems gayer for thy coming;  
The glad birds sing their shrill and tender songs,  
And all day long the bees are humming.  
All fairest things are of thyself a part;  
Ah, lovely June, so sweet thou art!

And yet, so sad thou seemest, lovely June!  
Thy fragrant nights are cool and still,  
And yet—regret and nameless pain,  
Some brooding sense of unknown ill,  
Sighs in the air and clutches at the heart.  
Ah, June! ah, lovely June, so sad thou art!

Ah, lovely June, thy ripening fields and woods,  
Thy butterflies and lazy bees,  
Thy sunny mornings and thy starry nights,  
The secret south wind in thy trees,  
Bring to me only vague regret—  
Ah, lovely June, could I forget!



## THE REJUVENATION OF MR. PEYTON.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

WHEN he allowed himself to think about it, which was oftener than was good for him, Mr. Randolph Peyton was obliged to admit that he was becoming a confirmed invalid. It was useless to theorize upon the general proposition that at thirty-five, a man who has lived soberly and within bounds should be at his best; the facts in his own case flatly contradicted the theory. Nor was there any comfort in the reflection that his descent into the cheerless region of ill-health had been so gradual as to make it impossible to fix the exact point of departure from the path of physical vigor. When he put the question squarely and dispassionately to himself, he was quite sure that his memory reached back to a time when all food was not indigestible; when every other friend he met did not tell him that he was looking ill; when disinterested advisers were not continually waylaying him in the street or at the club to vaunt the merits of some favorite remedy, or to insist that he must give up his comfortable indoor work in the bank.

That period of immunity, however, was at an end, and Mr. Peyton had fallen into the habit of expecting commiseration, much as he had come to anticipate with prophetic accuracy the disquieting effects of certain viands at table. In the case of the sympathetic acquaintance, he soon learned to forestall dispiriting comment by carrying the war boldly into the enemy's country, and he had acquired a very considerable degree of adroitness in this method of self-defense; but in the matter of meat and drink there was no such chance for reprisals, and he ate his meals doubtfully, and with fear and trembling, not knowing what the hour might bring forth.

One evening, after a day in which his malady had been unusually active, Peyton entered the grill-room of his club to go through the necessary form

of dining. It was a cheerful grill-room, in the most comfortable of clubs, the Unapolis Club having been modeled, as everyone knows, upon Eastern ideas of comfort, rather than upon Western patterns of extravagant luxury. The snowy napery, the delicate china, the cut-glass water and wine service, the tasteful decorations and the silent and well-trained servants, harmonized perfectly with Peyton's critical sense of the artistic fitness of things; but his satisfaction stopped short with these concessions to the esthetic faculty, and he tossed the bill of fare aside with a sigh of regret and turned to the waiter.

"Bring me a couple of water-crackers and a cup of tea," he said.

"Yes, sah; nothing else, sah?"

"Nothing."

With the advent of the crackers and tea, a broad-shouldered young fellow came in and sat down opposite Peyton. He nodded pleasantly, and when the waiter had taken his order he glanced across the table at the unappetizing meal set before the invalid.

"Still trying to imagine yourself on the sick-list, are you, Peyton?"

"I wish it were only imaginary."

"It's nothing else on the face of the planet; you could be a well man to-morrow, if you'd only think so."

This peculiar line of argument was not unfamiliar to Peyton, but the present circumstances made it unusually irritating. Atherton was the personification of good health; a man of whom it might be said that he had never been made aware of the fact that he possessed sympathetic ganglia or a pneumogastric nerve; and he had just ordered a full course dinner. Peyton pushed back his plate and laid the crumpled napkin beside it.

"Why the mischief do you fellows who have never been sick a day in your lives find it so hard to realize that sickness is not altogether a myth?" he questioned with some heat. "Do you

suppose for a moment that I enjoy a diet of water-crackers and tea? By Jove! it's almost enough to make a man wish that everybody might have at least one good, thoroughgoing attack of indigestion—it is, for a fact!"

Atherton applauded by clinking his

noon and put in an hour working like a stevedore. Then I take a hot bath and top off with a cold shower, and I'm equal to anything."

"On the principle that if such a regimen doesn't kill you, nothing will, I suppose," rejoined Peyton, smiling derisively.

"Never mind about the principle—you try it. Come up to the Athletic Union to-morrow at five, and I'll coach you. It'll make a man of you if you'll only give it a fair chance."

"Thank you, not for the advice but for the charitable intention. I'll think about it."

"Don't mention it," said Atherton, as Peyton rose. "Going anywhere, to-night?"

"Yes; to the theater."

"Box party?"

"No."

"Oh; two seats in dress-circle, then."

"No, three."

"That's so; I forgot *ma tante*. Well, think over what I told you, and come around to the Union."

It was partly on account of his engagement for the evening that Peyton had slighted the dinner bill of fare. He knew from sorrowful experience how difficult it was to maintain an outward semblance of cheerful equanimity in the company of Louise Van Bruce when the utmost reserves of his vitality were wrestling with the problem of digestion, and he had no mind to repeat the experiment. Since she was not aware of his trouble, Miss Van Bruce was not among his advisers; but she had a lively appreciation of his moods and tenses, and he could never quite rid himself of the idea that she took advantage of his fits of depression, rallying him rather more mercilessly at such times than at others. It was for this cause that he had lately taken to calling at the house in Chatham Place fasting; and the same reason had led him to decline a recent invitation to dinner at the Van Bruce's. It was very exasperating, the more so as Peyton had begun to build modest domestic castles in Spain, having for their airy foundations Miss Van Bruce's playful toleration of the architect; but it



knife and fork together. "Bravo! I didn't suppose you had so much fight left in you. As long as a man can quarrel there's hope for him. Now if you'd only take my advice—"

Peyton held up a deprecatory hand. "Don't," he protested. "If you have an atom of pity left, spare me the advice. I've been drenched, deluged, gorged with advice till my very soul is surfeited with it."

Atherton laughed. "I can believe it, but the appetite for giving advice is as strong as the drink habit, and I don't propose to deny myself. What you need is exercise—good, hard, physical work. How do you suppose I keep myself up to the mark? I'll tell you; I go into the gymnasium every after-

was only one of the many exasperating phases of a condition which was becoming unbearable, and on his way to Chatham Place that night Peyton thought seriously of trying Atherton's prescription as a last resort.

Not in Atherton's way, however. Mr. Randolph Peyton had been born half a decade too early to be caught by the rising tide of athleticism which began to sweep over the land shortly after he left the University; and he could never quite bring himself to the point of dissociating brawn and brutality, or amateur athletics as a cult and professional contests as a business. These were generalities. On the other hand, viewed as a means to so worthy an end as the recovery of one's health, might not physical culture be classed among the curative agencies? And if so, might it not be shorn of the brutalizing associations so distasteful to a man of conservative leanings? Peyton thought so. At any rate, it was worth a trial, and the question found its answer all the more readily since the resources of the *materia medica* had been pretty thoroughly exhausted in the search for healing. The conclusion and the house in Chatham Place were reached simultaneously; and buoyed by the comfort of the new hope, and cheered by the prospect of a pleasant evening in the company of Miss Van Bruce, Peyton was prepared to lay aside his rôle of invalid so far as circumstances might permit.

The play was good, Miss Van Bruce was bewitching, Aunt Gildersleeve was everything that a discreet and matronly chaperon should attempt to be, and Peyton forgot his troubles in the happiness of the moment. After the play, while they were waiting in the crush at the portal for the number of their carriage to be called, he drew the ladies into the door-way of Giacomo's to escape the crowd. The night was close and warm, and when Mrs. Gildersleeve asked Peyton to get her a glass of water, he so far forgot himself as to suggest ices, leading the way to one of the small tables in the brilliantly lighted restaurant, and giving the or-

der before he fully realized that he was deliberately courting disaster.

If there had been any previous doubt about it, the first spoonful of the frozen mixture dispelled it, and thereafter even Miss Van Bruce's vivacity was powerless to silence the ominous warnings sent up by the demon of dyspepsia. In such a pitiful strait the unhappy victim did what he could, rising superior to the painful distractions of the moment, and forcing himself to fill the conversational gaps as occasion demanded. He knew well enough from grievous experience that it was only a question of endurance, and he dallied with his spoon, and said his share of commonplaces until the lights spun in dizzy circles around him. Toward the last he was fully persuaded that he should disgrace himself by fainting, but the walk to the carriage revived him a little, and he was able to hand the ladies to the sidewalk at the end of the short journey. When the house door closed behind them, Peyton climbed back into the carriage, and gave himself over into the hands of the demon.

"To the Arlington," he ordered, "and it'll be a dollar extra if you make it quick!"

The driver earned his fare, but the short gallop outlasted Peyton's fortitude. When he reached the apartment building, he was obliged to ask the man to help him to the elevator; and the last drop of bitterness was added to his cup on the passage through the lighted vestibule by the cynical remark of one late loungee to another.

"Drunk again—" was all he heard, but it braced him for the swift rush up the elevator shaft, and helped him through the upper corridor to his own door. Once in his room, he took a swallow from a vial on the mantel and flung himself upon the bed. The opiate did its work quickly, and in a few minutes he was able to get up and undress.

"That settles it," he said, as he staggered across the room to the dressing-case. "If it's only a question between becoming a crank or an opium fiend, I'll try the athletic fad—and I'd much rather be shot!"



Procrastination was not one of Peyton's faults. On his way to the bank the next morning he bought a book on physical culture, and left an order for the prescribed apparatus to be placed in his room in the Arlington. Every evening for a fortnight he gave a generous hour to the new prescription, going through the movements with dumb-bells and pulley-weights with a faithful and accurate precision which was the more praiseworthy for its utter lack of enthusiasm. At the end of the two weeks a temporary lull in the activity of his symptoms gave him a breath of returning confidence; and in an optimistic hour he accepted a second invitation to dine at the house in Chatham Place. It was a family affair, and the guest might have confined himself to water-crackers and tea had he chosen to do so, but he shrank from doing anything so unconventional—ate, drank, strove to be merry, and paid the penalty a little while later in a visitation that sent him wan and haggard to a physician in the early hours of the succeeding morning.

"I've tried everything under the sun, doctor," he concluded, despairingly, "and it always comes to the opium at last. This time I thought I'd fight it

out alone, but I believe I should have died without the drug."

"It was quite within the possibilities," was the unsympathetic reply. "Why do you attempt to dine out when you know you can't?"

Peyton went near to losing his temper. "Dine out!" he exclaimed; "why, doctor, you don't know anything about it! For six months I've lived on water-crackers and tea—that is, until last night—and it's a pity if a man can't enjoy one meal in half a year!"

"You can't, evidently. What else do you do besides starving yourself?"

"Anything and everything that anybody suggests; latterly I've been taking regular exercise like a miserable beast of burden."

The physician evinced more interest at this and asked: "What kind of exercise?"

Peyton recited the number and form of his genuflections before the altar of physical culture.

"I suppose you enjoy all this keenly?"

"No, I'll have to confess that I don't; it's a weariness to the flesh."

"I thought so. Peyton, you're a man of some strength of character; you can get well again if you make up your mind to it."

"Don't tell me it's imagination, doctor; that's about the only thing that makes me lose my temper."

"I don't mean to; on the contrary, you may comfort yourself with the assurance that your ailment is grave enough and real enough. And before I prescribe for you, I'll ask you to remember that slow diseases demand slow remedies; you must persevere for months, if needful, before you set me down as a false prophet."

"Just you set the pace, doctor, and I'll follow it, if I can."

"First, then, as to diet. Drop your water-crackers and—but here, I'll write it out for you, and then you can dine by the card, so to speak." He made a short list of things permissible, and gave it to Peyton. "Are you equal to that?"

"Oh, I'll do anything you say; only I shall die the death after the first



meal on this bill of fare. I haven't been able to eat anything more substantial than toast or crackers for months."

"Never mind about that; you do as I tell you. And now about the exercise; you might as well saw wood for an hour a day as to do what you are doing. In order to do you any good, exercise must be pleasurable; you must find something that will combine good, hard work with a fair degree of enjoyment. The field is wide, and you can choose for yourself. What did you do with your leisure in college?"

"I spent most of it in the library, I think."

"I supposed so. Well, you've got to do something else, now; have you thought of horseback riding?"

"Yes, and tried it; there was a painful lack of sympathy between man and beast."

"How about bicycling? That's a fine exhilarating exercise."

"Yes, I suppose it is, but—" Peyton hesitated—"it has always seemed a bit like boys' play to me; something a shade too undignified for a man to indulge in."

"Nonsense! your egregious self-consciousness is insufferable! How about boating?"

"I'm afraid the same objection applies to that, also, only in a less degree."

"You are simply incorrigible; but you must find something that you can put your heart into. A man of your temperament has literally to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow. Think of something that doesn't offend your squeamish sense of the proprieties and come in again in a week or so and let me know how you are getting along."

Peyton turned the matter over in his mind during the day, and concluded to begin with horseback riding. A single trial convinced him that, however excellent this might be as an exercise, it was far enough from being a recreation in an enjoyable sense of the word. Horse and man returned to the livery stable dejected and humiliated, and the pleasure of the excursion belonged exclusively to the street gamins, who were quick to applaud the uneasy

rider's endeavor to appear to the saddle born. Worse than all, he had met Miss Van Bruce and her aunt driving in the park, and when he stopped to speak to them a tireless devil of restlessness entered straightway into his horse.

"I didn't know you rode, Mr. Peyton," said Miss Van Bruce, while Peyton vainly endeavored to bring himself within speaking distance of the phaeton.

"I don't—very often—" the horse seemed suddenly to realize what was expected of him, and Peyton had no little difficulty in keeping him from crowding the small vehicle from the roadway.

"Whoa, you beast! Stand still, will you? I beg your pardon, Miss Louise, I didn't mean to—" a bicyclist whizzed past, and Peyton's steed manifested an insane desire to run a race with the flying machine—"I hope you will excuse me," he continued, when he finally succeeded in bringing the restive animal once more to a stand, this time directly behind the phaeton. "This is the first time I've ever ridden this horse, and it will be the last, I assure you."

He caught a glimpse of a laughing face half turned toward him, and there was a ripple of satirical merriment in the reply that floated back to him as the restless beast caracoled out of hearing. "I shouldn't ride him any more, if I were you; I'd get a gentler one."

Peyton had a well-developed horror of ridicule, and it is safe to say that if maledictions could kill, the assistant cashier of the Unapolis National Bank would have had a dead horse to pay for. As it was, the single experiment settled the question of horseback riding, and Peyton began to consider the possibilities of bicycling.

It was about this time that he was betrayed into making a confidant of Miss Van Bruce. The occasion was an evening stroll in the park; they had taken seats in the rustic summer-house attached to the refreshment stand on the lake side, and Peyton had ordered ices. When they were served, a disquieting picture of the probable consequences rose up before the invalid, and in a sudden fit of desperation, he

frankly confessed his digestive shortcomings.

"And you have been sick all this time and have never said a word about it before? I am so sorry!" Miss Van Bruce's eyes mirrored sympathy, and Peyton forgot his loathing for commiseration in the comforting solace of the moment.

"It didn't seem worth while; and I dislike to be a kill-joy."

"You wouldn't be that, anyway; and it's shameful to think how I've teased you when you were really suffering."

"I haven't minded it, I assure you. Sometimes it has been rather grateful—as a counter irritant, you know."

"It's good of you to put it that way; but now you must come home with me and let Aunt Gildersleeve doctor you."

Peyton made a gesture of despair. "Please don't join the ranks of my enemies," he pleaded; "everyone I know has sat in judgment on my case till I have become a mere subject for experiment."

"Then you ought to go to a physician at once. It must be dreadful not to be able to eat an ice!"

Peyton smiled. "If it were only an ice I shouldn't mind it so much. And the doctors have had their chances, too; in fact, I'm under treatment now."

"Is it bad?" she asked naively.

"What, the treatment? Not particularly; only I'm not allowed to eat anything that I like, and I'm told to take all sorts of impossible exercise."

"Like what?"

"Oh, horseback riding and—and cycling, and such things."

"Then you were really taking a prescription that day when we met you in the park drive?" Miss Van Bruce laughed joyously at the recollection.

"Yes, a very disagreeable one. I haven't taken any from the same formula since."

Miss Van Bruce's gaze wandered out to the lake which was dotted with pleasure-craft. "I should think you'd like boating," she said; "I'm passionately fond of the water."

Peyton had not been in a boat since his boyhood, but he asked her at once if she would trust herself on the water

with him. She consented, and they were presently seated in a small row-boat which Peyton made shift to paddle slowly along the margin of the lake. They had drifted a half mile or more, and were nearing a small buoy made conspicuous by a flag, when someone on shore warned them to look out for the shells. Peyton edged the boat away from the turning-stake, and they both looked back to watch the two slender streaks darting toward them, each driven by a pair of sculls that flashed and dripped in the sunlight as the oarsmen swung rhythmically back and forth on the sliding seats.

"Oh, it's a race!" Miss Van Bruce clapped her hands excitedly. "Look, Mr. Peyton, the blue is ahead, isn't he?"

Peyton swung the skiff so that she could get a better view and watched the quick play of eager enthusiasm on her face as the scullers came up.

"The blue is ahead—and he's got the outside turn, too; but he'll win, I just know he will!"

The shells swept around the turning-stake, and the men kept the stroke like two pieces of mechanism driven by the same impulse. As the blue, now leading by more than a length, came seething down the home-stretch, Peyton recognized the broad shoulders and curly head of his athletic friend; and then Miss Van Bruce's enthusiasm rose superior to the trammels of conventionality.

"Well-pulled, Mr. Atherton, well-pulled!" she cried, as the trembling shell darted past; and Atherton glanced up long enough to nod and smile before the vision of exultant loveliness had faded in the distance.

Rowing slowly back to the landing-place afterward, Peyton had an attack of reticence, which was not directly due to his infirmity. The incident of the race, and the object-lesson afforded by Miss Van Bruce's enthusiasm, set in motion a train of reflections pointing to more than one unwelcome conclusion. With the facile ingenuity of a man in love, he had been constructing, out of the materials furnished by his acquaintance with Miss Van Bruce, an ideal young woman whose points



"Why that's Mr. Peyton! Is he going to row?"

of disagreement from the flesh and blood reality of the model were beginning to make themselves clearly apparent. He knew that his companion had not thought of making a comparison between Atherton and himself, and he was quite sure that she was too sensible to set brawn over against brain ; but there was a startling revelation in her quick response to the emotions called out by the exhibition of physical prowess, and Peyton's ideal crumbled when he realized that he had failed to make a proper allowance for the influence exerted by purely physical gifts upon the mind of a healthy and well-balanced young woman. It was a disquieting conviction, and it asked for a complete revolution in the ideas of a man whose views of woman-kind were tinged by romanticism. None the less, Peyton accepted the conditions courageously, wondering a little that his love for the fair iconoclast seemed to receive an immediate accession of strength from the mere fact that she had proved to be more human and less ethereal than he had thought possible.

Peyton's conclusions were usually logical. The next day he sought and found Atherton on the floor of the Corn Exchange.

"Jack, you were once good enough to say that you'd introduce me at the Athletic Union. Does the offer still hold good?"

"Why, certainly. What's happened?"

"Nothing much, only I'm tired of being the mere mental half of a man. Do you think there's any hope for me the other way?"

"Plenty of it, old man ; and I'm sure the professor'll back my belief. Come by for me at five o'clock."

Atherton was as good as his word ; and after showing Peyton over the building, he left him closeted with the professional builder of athletes. The physical examination was thorough and searching.

"Nothing much to you but skin and bone, but we'll soon change all that ; you've got a good framework to build on."

"You think I'm not too old, professor?"

"N-o ; to be sure, thirty-five is a little late to begin, but then you're ten years younger than most men of that age on account of your good habits. If you'd ever burned the candle at both ends, as some do, I'd discourage you. I suppose you have no disease that you know of?"

"Nothing but dyspepsia ; but I have enough of that to make up for any lack of variety."

"That doesn't count—we'll soon take that out of you. When do you want to begin?"

"Now."

"That's business. I can rig you up and put you on the floor with the juniors in Mr. Atherton's class."

An hour later Peyton left the Union with Atherton.

"How did you make it go, old man?" asked the latter, as they turned down toward the club.

"Oh, fairly well, I guess ; only I feel as though I'd been beaten with many stripes."

"That'll come all right in a day or two. You'll get along."

"I hope so, but for the present I wish you wouldn't mention the fad among our friends. I should like to see what comes of it, first."

Atherton promised, and so it came about that Peyton's friends, and least of all the Van Bruces, heard nothing of the new departure. It was remarked in the somewhat select circle in which the assistant cashier moved that he was oftener a delinquent, but he kept up his visits to the house in Chatham Place, stifling, as best he might, the desire, strong in every son of Adam, to talk about the individual fad of the moment.

The first milestone in the road to better health was passed at a second dinner with the Van Bruces. He ate what he would, and there was no tormenting demon of indigestion to be placated by the small vial on the mantel when he returned to his rooms in the Arlington. In the morning, he marked the advance by tossing the opiate into the grate, and later in the



day he ventured to take another step toward complete emancipation by asking Atherton to teach him the art of rowing.

"You don't need teaching; anybody can row a boat," said the broker.

"But I want to learn to manage a shell."

"Oh, you do?" Atherton looked up in mild astonishment. "Blest if you aren't coming out bright, Peyton. You'll be thirsting to stroke the Minneiska eights next, I suppose."

"No, I think not; but will you give me a few points?"

"Why, certainly; of course; I'll do anything you ask. How soon would you like to begin?"

"This evening, if you can spare the time."

"Time? Bless my soul, I'll close the office and go with you right now, if you're in a hurry."

"I wouldn't ask you to do that," replied Peyton, obstinately refusing to see the point of his friend's railery, "this evening will do."

The success of the first lesson in single sculls was gratifying to both teacher and neophyte. Much to his own surprise, Peyton found that he could keep his balance in the crank craft almost from the first; and when, in the course of a few more lessons, he had learned to manage the oars, the joy of mastery began to come to him, and thereafter the lake and the gymnasium shared his leisure in equal proportions. In the course of time, the Minneiskas began to debate the good points of the new oarsman, and Peyton was asked to join the club. The crews were all full, but there was a dearth of alternates, and as the time for the annual regatta with the Canadians was drawing near, the commodore was naturally anxious to secure all the available material within reach.

Peyton declined the Minneiska nomination, much to Atherton's disgust, but he continued to work as faithfully as if he expected to enter for the prize offered to the winner in the singles. Atherton commented on this, abusing him roundly for lessening the Unapolitan chances of victory by refusing

to train as an alternate, but on this point Peyton was obstinate.

"It all depends upon the point of view," he contended. "With you, boating is a cult—a part of your religion; but in my case it's merely a means to an end. I like it well enough, but none the less, to me it is simply a part of the price I pay for a good digestion. You can't look at it that way, and I don't expect you to; but on the other hand, you mustn't expect me to be enthusiastic about the races. I shall be here to look on, but I sha'n't care a fig who wins; that phase of athletics doesn't appeal to me."

By which it will be understood that Peyton's prejudice against anything remotely akin to the professional element in athletics was still strong enough to keep him true to his purpose, which was nothing more or less than to be able to present himself in the entirety of health and strength to the one woman whose approbation marked the limit of his aspirations. Moreover, he had promised himself the pleasure of enjoying the regatta from the point of view afforded by the spectators' benches in the company of Miss Van Bruce; and in default of all other reasons, this would have kept him from entering the contest.

"Carrie Atherton was telling me yesterday that you know all about the crews, Mr. Peyton, and I shall depend upon you to tell me everything. You know I'm perfectly daft on the subject of boating."

The great day of the regatta had come, and Peyton had established Miss Van Bruce and her aunt comfortably on the staging opposite the starting-float. The races were all to be pulled with a turn, and the spectators nearest the float were thus enabled to see both start and finish. All Unapolis was there. An unquiet crowd lined the lake shore far up toward the turning-stake, and the benches above the Minneiska's house-boat and float were filled long before the hour set for the opening of the regatta by the single sculls.

"Have you ever been on the lake since that evening when we saw Mr.

Atherton row?" asked Miss Van Bruce.

"Oh, yes; several times," Peyton admitted.

"I thought you had; you are looking ever so much better than you used to."

"Thank you; I feel better than I used to—there they come!"

A hush fell upon the buzzing multitude, and everyone looked toward the float as the contestants for the singles took their places in the shells. Atherton pulled for the Minneiskas, and Miss Van Bruce clapped her hands delightedly when he won the toss for the inside.

"We're sure of one race, anyway; don't you think so, Mr. Peyton?"

Peyton was comparing the two men as they waited for the signal. "I hope so, but Atherton will have to work for it; I'm afraid the Canadian outclasses him."

"What is it to be out—" the report of the pistol cut the question in two, and the shells darted away from the float as the men bent to their work. For the first half of the race they seemed to be fairly matched, and Peyton adjusted the field-glass and told his companion to watch the turn. Since he could read the story of passing events in the play of eager emotions on her face, there was little need for her broken exclamations. "They are even yet—now they are turning—oh, dear! Jack went too close to the stake—now they're coming back—oh, pull hard, Jack! Do pull hard—he's beating you!"

Peyton's fear was realized in the outcome. As the men swept down the course toward the judges' boat, the blue was hopelessly behind, and Atherton was evidently doing his best. The crowd cheered the Canadian precisely as it would have cheered its own man, but Miss Van Bruce was too much of a partisan to join in the applause.

"I actually feel as if I could cry!" she declared. "I shall cry if we lose another race, I know I shall."

Peyton tried to comfort her, but his efforts were disturbed by a rising emotion that sent the blood tingling through his veins, the inspiring afflatus of an-

tagonism crying him on to rush down to the float with a challenge to the victor. He mastered the impulse with no little difficulty, marveling afterwards that the absurdity of it was the smallest objection occurring to him at the time, and turned his attention to the preparations making for the start of the four-oars.

"This is our only chance," he said gloomily. "We are morally certain to lose the eight-oar."

"Why?"

"Because Field—he pulls six in the eights, you know—had to leave town yesterday."

"Is there no one to take his place?"

"Oh, yes; Ratcliffe is his alternate, but I'm afraid he isn't up to the mark."

Just then a cheer announced that the fours were ready, and a moment later the second race began. The start was steady and well-pulled, and the boats were exactly even at the turn, but on the home-stretch the Canadians gradually drew ahead, and another defeat was presently scored against the Minneiskas on the bulletin board.

"Auntie, please take me home!" pleaded Louise; "if I stay to see those odious men with the red flag beat us any more I shall die of shame!"

Peyton smiled. "You shouldn't take it so hard. Our fellows did well in the four-oar; they were outclassed even worse than Atherton was."

The next race was the double-sculls, and Miss Van Bruce's spirits rose joyously when the blues came in more than a length ahead.

"Now, if we could only win the eights, I could be happy!" she exclaimed enthusiastically.

After what seemed an endless interval to the impatient throng on the beach, the eight-oar shells were placed in the water; but for some reason the crews did not take their places. Presently it began to be rumored in the crowd that there was some difficulty about the Minneiskas' number six.

"If you'll excuse me a moment, I'll go down and investigate," said Peyton, in whom local patriotism was beginning to undermine indifference.

"Do, please; and tell Mr. Ratcliffe

I'll never speak to him again if he makes us lose."

Peyton found matters even worse than he had anticipated. The commodore met him at the gangway of the house-boat and drew him aside.

"Ratliffe has lost his head at the last moment—says he isn't up to it, and if we're beaten it'll be charged to him. Peyton, you've simply got to pull in this race!"

"But I can't—I'm not a member of the club, and the other fellows won't let you go outside."

"Yes they will; they're so dead sure of downing us that they waive their right to protest. The captain just told me I could take any man I could find."

Peyton still hesitated, "It's tempting Providence to take me," he began; "I can't pull anything but the singles, and, besides, I'm here with Miss Van Bruce and her aunt."

"That's all right—I'll send Atherton up to tell them. Here, Jack, find Mrs. Gildersleeve and Miss Van Bruce and tell them that Peyton's elected. Now then, Randolph, be a good fellow and strip as quick as you can!"

Peyton objected yet again, but the Minneiskas were deaf, and they hustled him into the dressing-room. Meanwhile Atherton made his way up the benches to where the two ladies waited in anxious expectation.

"What's the matter, Jack? Where is Mr. Peyton?" demanded Miss Van Bruce.

"He's down there," replied Atherton, dropping into the vacant seat at her side. "They were having a row about an alternate for Field, but it's settled now."

"Somebody said the race was to be given up."

"It isn't—not till we've rowed it."

While he was speaking, the crews began to take their places, and Miss Van Bruce leveled her glass. "One, two, three, four, five, six—" she counted—"why, that's Mr. Peyton! Is he going to row?"

"Yes; Ratcliffe backed out, and the commodore captured Peyton. I came up to tell you."

"But I didn't know he could!"

"You didn't? Well, he can; and it won't be his fault if we lose."

Peyton had taken his seat, and had heard the order to trim, but he could not resist the temptation to cast a single glance up toward the sea of faces on the staging. She was standing up waving her handkerchief, and Peyton fixed his eyes upon the back of number seven, with the steady assurance that the time for which he had worked and waited had come. The exultant thought had but a moment to live before it was interrupted by the low command: "Ready!" followed by the crack of the pistol; and, with the cheers of the crowd beating on unheeding ears, Peyton lost his identity, and became a mere mass of thews and sinews writhing and swaying in unison with seven other similar pieces of mechanism under whose propulsive throes the slender shell trembled and shuddered as it darted away from the float. Throughout the strenuous, breath-cutting struggle, Peyton saw nothing but the rocking human pendulum before him, and he did not look up even when the frantic cheering told him that the race was as good as won. Once, while the boats were sweeping down the home-stretch, he heard Atherton's "Well-pulled, Six!" ring out clear and distinct above the din, and for a swift instant he found fresh strength in the thought that Miss Van Bruce had prompted the heartening cry.

A toiling minute later, and it was all over; the jubilant Minneiskas had dragged Peyton out of the boat, while a score of men were shouting that he had saved the race, and fighting for a chance to wring his hand. He escaped as soon as he could, and counted the minutes until he was free from the hands of the trainers. Atherton met him as he came ashore, and added his congratulations to those of the club men.

"By George, old man, never saw better work in my life! Penfield pulled five, you know, and he says your back saved him."

"I'm glad we made it. Where are the ladies?"

"They've gone home in the carriage;

Louise says you must come up to-night and be lionized."

Peyton looked disappointed. "Shall we walk up through the park?" he asked.

"Yes, if you're not fagged."

"Oh, I'm all right," replied Peyton, feeling as if he could walk indefinitely on the strength of the victory. Then he remembered Atherton's defeat, and began to extenuate it after the manner of a loyal fellow-craftsman.

"I'm not worrying about that; in fact, Peyton, I'm too happy to worry about anything, just now. Did Louise tell you?"

"No," answered Peyton, fighting against a queer feeling of suffocation that seemed about to overpower him.

"I don't know as I ought to tell it, because, you see, it hasn't been announced yet, but she won't mind your knowing. Louise has promised to be my wife."

They separated to allow a carriage to pass in the narrow driveway, and Peyton was grateful for the short respite. When the vehicle had driven on,

he grasped Atherton's hand and wrung it heartily.

"You're a lucky fellow, Jack, and I'm glad for both of you." He framed the words in his mind and knew that he had spoken them, but the sound of his own voice seemed far away, and the mellow September sunshine turned suddenly into a glare of yellow light that blinded him.

"Thank you, Peyton; that makes me feel better than if I'd won the singles. Do you know, old man, I've been afraid you were getting a bit touched in that quarter yourself, and it's troubled me more than a little. You're not going down town?"

"Not now; I think I'll cut across here and go to my room. I'm beginning to feel a little the worse for wear. And, Jack, make my excuses to Miss Louise, will you? I forgot to say that I shouldn't be able to join you this evening."

"No? Why, that'll be a disappointment all round. Well, so long; better take a hot bath and a nap. That'll set you up again. Here's my car."

## WHEN JUNE COMES BACK.

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

WHEN June comes laughing back again with roses tangled in her hair  
That like a silken mesh falls down to hide her bosom full and fair,  
Then will she woo this drear old earth, and, brushing back his locks of gray,  
Within her soft arms rock him till she charms his wintry scars away.

All day the honey-seeking bees will revel in the clover bloom;  
All night the fire-flies swing their lamps amid the thicket's dotted gloom,  
And song birds, silent while the skies are dusty with the sprinkled spheres,  
Shall, waking with the morning, drink the weeping willow's dewy tears.

The prison-weary pauper in the frosty fastness of the North,  
When south winds breathe away the bars, a purpled prince shall wander forth;  
And Folly, wanton sprite, will spice the happy hearts of maids and men  
With moon-born dreams of Paradise, when June comes laughing back again.

## A MOTHER'S NOTE BOOK.

BY MRS. C. A. ELDER.

THERE is no doubt but success, even in the smallest details of practical life, requires clear mental ability, correct thought, and then systematic action. Life, from our many and severe difficulties, seems an enemy, but it is not. Life is only just. Like a wise disciplinarian it is inexorable with its laws. It is severe to those who break them; but gives long life and prosperity to those who obey. The sun of experience shines upon our moral germ evolving one sense after another.

Allow all under authority ample scope for the exercise of their judgment. In this way alone will responsibility develop. Without the sense of responsibility, there cannot be reliability. This also makes life, to those in authority, large, serene and capable. Where there is too close surveillance, suspicion soon grows; and suspicion is a mildew to the soul; a fever that consumes vigor and grasp of mind, and graciousness of heart.

*Wednesday, September 15th.*—I had a long walk this morning out in this clear, far-seeing air. Things at a distance seemed brought to me as in a telescope. The roses spake a sweet word. Blooming anew in this fall air, they gave sweeter odor.

I feel, to-night, as one would feel who had been anticipating a meeting with a dear friend, and had gone over in his mind the many things he would say, and what relief and comfort and strength he would gain; who had had this meeting put off and put off, but had refused to be comforted and still pined for it, and at last it had been granted. That is the way I feel to-night in sitting down to write. So many, many times have I had secret thoughts of a while of seclusion and restored intimacy with this old habit of writing; a habit that had been victimized all through the summer by outside things, and which was weak and

incapable of opposition; a habit that has succumbed without much protest but yet has paled and sickened for longing to be restored. Well, I can but ardently hope I will renew myself in reinstating this practice of daily communion with my heart and mind.

Do we have many crises in our lives? Times when we are brought low in excellency? When it is a question whether we will outcome the ordeal, and thence prove stronger and higher; or whether we shall pass on poor of capacity, feeble in desire, dead in enthusiasm, blank in ideality, a creature hopelessly blind to the true spirit of living.

Now I have a question to ask. Is it possible for people in close circumstances to possess themselves of as high an order of character as those may who are in easy circumstances?

First, there is the absence of work. Does work militate against refinement? There are circumstances that require the lines should never be let go. The necessities of living encroach to the very outmost limit, and, when the lines are held loose, for however short a time, run beyond. This calls for thought and industry. Beware that this thought and industry degenerate not into care. If we can keep care out of our stringencies, refinement is less hampered and may gain firm foothold. There is work that is tractable to judgment, and in this way may be mollified so as to allow some leisure. There is work that is hopeless. It devours every moment, and so surely starves its victim until all roundness and grace of character is gone, leaving a skeleton barren of attraction. All work is amenable to judgment. Let us turn gypsies rather than find no time to idle. Work is wholesome, but it easily turns tyrant, and for that there is but one thing, revolt. Now, if our means are such as to exercise and develop judgment in bringing out our



available resources for self-cultivation, refinement may be. It is the dearer prized and made the more of because possessed with difficulty.

The wealthy have elegance of surroundings. This goes well in molding a high order of character. They have variety of life with all the concomitant goods of excitement and society. There is that refinement that is nearly always possible, that of order and cleanliness. The hatred and incapacity for the opposite makes a lowly servant refined. Without them refinement is impossible. So these two are to be obtained at all hazards. With them nothing can be so did however homely. Where disorder and uncleanness reign, human misery is complete, for it shows life devoid of ideality; and where this state is, the soul has lost its kinship with angels, and taken in place a relationship to beasts.

Then how shall we answer our question?

It is possible for those in close circumstances to possess themselves of as high order of character as those in easy. In one we will see a soft, round, beautiful physique, bespeaking good food, freedom from care, leisure and enjoyment. In the other, he who must barter sharply with life for any one of these things, you will see a physique bespeaking thought, much spirit exercise, or, in other words, emotion and activity. Not round, dimpled and soft, but, if care be kept out, lithe, firm and strong, with that magnetism that grows from nerves well acquainted and well disciplined in human sympathies.

There is only one remedy. It is that I get up at five o'clock in the face of every obstacle, and that I compel all under me to be about business by half-past. My children must be up at six. It is hard, but not so hard as such an experience as this morning. I will make the compromise. To insure an orderly day I will endure this physical discomfort. Buy off a greater, by an acceptance of a lesser, evil. A great man says our lives are but a series of compromises.

Opening with much bustle, proceeding with quiet, steady housewifery,

ending with a heart attuned to bird songs, a clear, bright sun-sinking, a simple, but well-conducted supper; and now an evening with fire and lamp-light, and children gentle and cheerful around. But, like a minor strain in a melody, a sadness, sweet as well as painful, pervades my soul.

Several times in my life I have been brought to feel profoundly that even slight estrangements between members of a family are never insignificant. At one time so deeply was I impressed with this that I solemnly pledged myself to the course of never being offended by anything from husband or children. Everyone slightly regards those who can be imposed upon, who can receive injustices without resentment. There is such close distinction here between this abjectness and that serene dignity superior to offense; the last is godly, the first is craven. Never be blind to the wrong-doings of others, but be above being offended. How is that possible? The best have their weaknesses which you dare not attack.

There is about money a character not many of us appreciate. Nothing is so thoroughly individual as one's money.

To have death come to us, blotting us out incomplete! Let us be prepared for that. We, all of us, slip away before we have accomplished ourselves. Time has its purpose with us. It will be reached, but at great distance yet. A generation is as a turn of the wheel. Every generation brings the end nearer but it is as slow a process as the building up of a new world.

Our home! It is our own to love and pet to our heart's content, and woe be to me if I can look at any mar, however small, with a dull heart. Woe be to me if I do not possess me an ideal, and if this ideal does not strengthen and grow steadily, and if this home does not put forth strong tendrils to climb to it.

I have, as we all have, a mighty barrier in our servants. Disorderly and disobedient—this expresses their disposition as I have found it, and this disposition expresses, no doubt, my maladroit management.

If I were certain no one would ever look into you, my book ; and if, being certain, I would then tell freely my mind and heart, what a relation it would be ! It would be something like a walk in an Indian jungle ; growths of all kinds, tangled, fierce animals hid, hidden and dangerous pools—a few bright birds or flowers to represent my better thoughts.

Some mingle so easily. Some weave in and out of the great crowd without jar, and without grate ; and yet they carry themselves. Others are bruised and make no headway ; they suffer at every contact ; maimed and miserable, they know no life.

Let me console myself with the thought. When one is profoundly exercised about any course, she is sure to find help and light if she persevere. In this way have not only individuals but the world received benefit ; for when light comes to these benighted but sincere people they in their gladness, are sure to impart it to others.

Did not Harriet Martineau say : " A woman has not accomplished her full vocation who has not made a happy home for some people ? " One can never do this until the study of housekeeping is mastered, as Ruskin would have us master it. This is what he says : " What does cooking mean ? It means the knowledge of Media and of Circe and of Calypso and of Helen and of Rebekah and of the Queen of Sheba ; it means knowledge of all herbs and fruits and balms and spices ; of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, and savory in meat ; it means carefulness and invention and watchfulness and willingness and readiness of appliances ; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers and the science of modern chemists ; it means much tasting and no wasting ; it means English thoroughness, French art and Arabian hospitality ; and it means in fine that you are to be perfectly and always ladies, ' loaf-givers ; ' and as you are to see imperatively that everybody has something pretty to put on, so you are to see yet more imperatively that everybody has something nice to eat. "

There is great uneasiness, a slight pain in the heart ; there comes waking up in the night when we feel as if a pall enveloped us ; there are constant reachings out for this and that fruit of pleasure, but they fail to impart their flavor, fail to afford delight, while still that aching never abates, but grows steadily. Thank God if it does not abate. We fret without ceasing at duty's hard drive, we pull back, and evade thoughts and longings, turning elsewhere. At last, finding duty inexorable, we give in (thank God if we do ! ), listen to its behests, become willing and obedient. Where now is the ache, where now the uneasiness that sat gnawing all the time ? The sky has become cleared, we awake at morning with a peace and oftentimes an elation. True we gave up a wish or a habit very, very dear, dear as our right eye ; true we pass our tempting fruit without partaking ; true we withhold our souls the what we held to be luxuries, but nevertheless the quiet, calm and benignancy of mind come in spite of abstemious diet, and genuine happiness is breathed at every breath.

Last night (Saturday) we sat down to supper. Little Jess was not well, husband had not come. I wondered how some people could be brave and bright under such circumstances. After supper we collected upstairs and preparations were made for the children's bath. The servant opened the door and said, " Nellie, your papa has come. " I could hardly believe it. We hurried down, and there he sat before the fire large, handsome, over-run by children. My spirit was lightened of its load at sight of him.

I am alone. I have quiet and solitude, two luxuries of which I have known little, but which, with one more leisure would include my very graces of luxury, and which I feel a more incessant longing for than for any other thing. Leisure for inclination to handle a few hours every day, and dispose of without interference, is what I would ask of the fairies. Not having it, not being able to get it save by standing up mail-handed and knocking life down for it, and too conscience-

ridden for such hardihood, I must seek the best way for doing without it. For one thing I am profoundly thankful; for "my hour;" this stay that comes to me once a day, this arrest in the confusing struggle, this compelling of everything to stop, that my mind and soul may wipe its brow and turn it to fresh breeze and heaven's blue, that it may breathe fresh and deep from high, strong airs, that it may look on else than the path immediate under its feet; it is good.

Do you remember Uziah? What a fall he had, from a very great height to a very low depth? How shall we know our capacities? We should know them both for evil and for good. I have learned I have large capacity for evil, from many experiences; and how strange it lies treacherous for long periods, so long I am half convinced it is too enfeebled for harm; and then erupts with such strength that it utterly lays waste efforts, desires and prayers that have grown steadily for months; and do you know there is an escape for this evil force, a vent, a valve which, as the Bible tells us, is, of all things, the hardest to control—the tongue. There is a temperature by which we can inform ourselves when it is gathering; the heat of anger. Then, if you can hold the voice very low and soft, keep the words very few and gentle, this enemy of our best growth is controlled.

Human nature is very presuming, it presumes on people and on God. Let us have a season, even a short one, of calm prosperity, and how enraged we become at its interruption. We do not prepare ourselves for such, but instead, set thoughts and heart intensely on something better.

Yesterday I had a visit from Jenney. In the conversation she spoke of her husband's deteriorating through the effects of small-town life, and of such deterioration being inevitable to professional men. Experience seems to confirm this. Physicians especially get the village stamp. But I do not believe it is inevitable. What is wanted is conscientiousness. This will save man or woman, in whatever sphere,

from inferior grades. Sincerity will bear one aloft in country or town. In the country one is more likely, without this conscientiousness, to fall into "insipid misdoing and shabby achievement," because there is not active zest kept alive by competition and friction. But with it to impel one through study, unflagging exertion and sacrifice, he will bear the elevated stamp of genius anywhere. There is no line that genius scorns. Wherever it finds this utter conscientiousness it stops and lends its strength, says "let there be light," and there is light.

*Wednesday night:* Two little ones are abed, bathed white, and hair brushed until they shine like jewels.

The greatest of life's trials, thus far, I have found, I believe, is the meagerness of time. There is always so much preponderance of work over fruit; there exists always such a thick, rough rind round so very small a kernel; always such a waste of ocean closing in so lesser amount of land. This law that so wears and ages us seems universal. Years of experience, labor and suffering before we can bring forth a conviction; every day a three-fourths of bran to one of grist. But every one knows that is far from true, every one knows there are, with the multitude, many days of bran to one of grist. Count your thoughts. Examine them and convince yourself how much the mind-wheel turns to the production of one thought; watch it turn, turn, turn! What inane, undefined, ephemeral "folle-farines" it throws off for one dainty, snowy, glittering grain of truth!

As I say, so the days try me. They mock me as they go glancing by. "That and that and that" each one says; "No, you will leave off nothing, and nothing will you do imperfectly; mind! that is the law of laws, 'everything your hands find to do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord'; as soon as you drop this law, then just that soon will we drop you. You shall, thence, know no day intimately; we will scorn you and dryer and dryer will become your well of Baca until your souls will shrivel with parched

drought." My hands find this to do, and that and that, and, often when the shell is cloven, there is no kernel. Again there is a kernel, and my soul feeds as upon an ineffably good, rich, sufficing morsel.

"For the people had a mind to work."—*Nehemiah*.

" . . . The human mind is always, in some degree, and certain individual minds have been in a special degree, reflecting surfaces, as it were, for the verities of the unseen and eternal world. . . . We have been created, or, if anyone likes the phrase better, we have been 'evolved;' not, however, out of nothing, nor out of confusion, nor out of lies, but out of 'nature,' which is but a word for the sum of all existence, the source of all order, and the very ground for all truth, the fountain in which all fullness dwells."

Study a child's nature; study it with alert, intent interest; find out the veins and arteries of its spiritual nature, and then help it along its bent; let every child be impressed that its individuality is good, however odd it may be, however contrary to the set ideas of what is right and admirable; this is the foundation. And then strengthen this character, intensify and vitalize this individuality. Never, for an instant, shame a child on this point. How many children are praised for loving to read, and insidiously taught that they are superior to brothers and sisters who have no taste this way. Now if you watch closely after the illiterate brothers and sisters, you will find their minds on a road to knowledge in a different way; perhaps not a highly esteemed road, only leading to a poorly rated distinction; but do you not be of that mind; any road to any knowledge is good, and should be laid open and made available. This little one who escapes the magnetism of a book is drawn by an attraction to flowers; a voice calls him in the wind, the open sky, the birds; a garden spot, with hoe, rake and other needed implements, are his by right. He will find out wonderful things in his way, quite as highly to be esteemed as any to be

gleaned from books. Or another will love the kitchen. We have learned to place this class of knowledge in good position, but it has not yet taken as high rank as it should. Do not allow this little one to place herself on one round lower on the ladder of character. Here is one who, in some way, can never quit staring at life; with eyes ever wide, she is conning lessons on all sides, while you are plaguing her for idleness in neglecting her books; watch this one, the brain growing large while, at the same time, all print food is seemingly unassimilative; presently you will be amazed to discover that she holds a store of digested truths, which she will use as material from which to grow the best mental produce, and all given with the forceful lights and shades which come from the study of nature without the medium of books. This takes us into the range of genius, the creator of books, genius which is a law unto itself. And now comes the question, is genius producible, or is it only an arbitrary growth of nature, coming without reckoning? Nay, genius is producible. There is one soil to which it is indigenous—an ardent, consuming, thirst for truth, married to an essentially religious nature. Surely there is some way for instilling this into our young. Ah, then will they seek out the by-ways, the paths, the highways to truth, deeming nothing too small for their care and study, and handling all things, whether by their minds, their spirits or their hands, "heartily as unto the Lord."

Great men should think of opportunity, not of time;

Time is the excuse of feeble and puzzled spirits.

—*Beaconsfield*.

"At a certain age in life, if your house is not peopled with children, it becomes the abode of crazes and vices." *Sainte Beuve*.

Speaking of woman's strength and perfection lying in her intimacy with God. This gives her great distinction. To feel, in her difficulties, that she has this barricade; to know that behind her is this support, to be conscious, if misunderstood, undervalued, or even deserted, that she yet possesses a friend who will sustain and assist her, gives

her that gravity, and dignity, and purity, without which a woman is an abortion. A woman without God is monstrous; with God as her intimate friend, in whom alone she confides, she is angelic. She is a force powerful as magnetism, if as silent and mysterious, to draw man heavenward.

" . . . Like dumb driven cattle," driven, with thoughts and visions of pasturage on either side, but driven on in heat and dust and long and lengthening road, rougher and rougher, still more difficult, always driven; no foresight, no measuring of that and that difficulty ahead, and preparation of powers to surmount them; so some lives. But a larger class are the skittish, who will never look life in the face, who evade its realities, who do everything superficially and push back their unthoroughness out of sight; who gambol and play at funerals, births and weddings, taking no thought of the meaning of any, who live, in spite of life, like a child who plays and has merriment in spite of a querulous and exacting mother; and that other class who say peace and enjoyment are at life's disposal if we do not strike, maltreat, or misunderstand her, not a pale bloodless enjoyment, built on hopes of heaven after death, but a real and present happiness; now this class, are they so by constitution, or philosophy, or by faith? There is a repose in them which allows them to take in all nature's sweets without restlessness, without that evasive reaching forth which fevers some people without intermission. And last are they who chafe and champ at the bit, no present good, however good, is any satisfaction; like Hawthorne, they seem to hold that the more happiness they possess the more right have they to heaven. Wings have they to keep aloof from the present, but not sufficient to penetrate the future, against whose boundaries they beat themselves.

Will you tell me the difference between pride and honor? Pride seems to be regarded a mean quality, while honor is esteemed a very ennobling one. Pride is a building reared without a foundation. Pride is ignorant and un-

happy. It is unjust, and therefore cruel. It is hot and inflammable, and when so is ruthless; and therefore I am right when I say it is cruel. It is narrow and close in vision.

How is it a building reared without a foundation? A man of pride is one who gives secondary consideration to principle, and primary to the world's opinion. He would have from others a high opinion and great confidence, and, while demanding this, he lacks that upright principle which alone is able to secure it. This is what I call building without a foundation.

How is pride ignorant and unhappy? For sustenance pride must have admiration and praise, fancied if not real. If it has cause to believe it possesses these, it is unduly elated; if cause to believe it has the opposite, unduly depressed. Often it is ignorant of the opinion of those around, and then has no serenity or repose; is uneasy and unhappy. Pride is cruel. Let pride be met, unexpectedly by opposition, instead of praise by indifference or contempt, and what a fury it becomes; there is scarcely a power that is strong enough to hold it in bounds. It is narrow and close in vision. Always acting for the world's admiration; its thoughts and regards tend always to this supreme interest.

Honor is the substitute to this shadow; is the real thing to this false imitation. It is stable, for its foundation is principle. It is powerful and serene, for right and truth are its essence; is lofty and broad in vision, for instead of being exercised about the thoughts of others, it is bent upon that eternal and profound thing, truth.

"A man's pride shall bring him low, but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit."

Have just read the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs. What a desire I have to be a woman like that. How few there are. So many of our women are inane and characterless. The great interest with them is to be dressed well, and to keep an elegant house. Sometimes I wonder that men are as patient with them as they are. There is a good opportunity to study women at church.



Here is shown so plainly how dress is the main thought with them. They are blank under the preaching. I should think the unappreciative eyes they cast upon the preacher would dishearten him; but he is accustomed to it; and he, with men generally, has a settled conviction of women's intellectual inferiority. But women are a feature in the world round men, which their whole natures are disposed to regard tenderly. They are indifferent to their mental state; it suits the men better to hold that they are inferior; and having got this conviction, which no earthly throe can shake, they are well satisfied to find them pleasing in person.

Here is one of my "tender grapes" climbing into the back of my chair; a fair thing full of beauty and charm and very tender; as tender and soft and lovely of spirit as of body. I would give it rain, would fertilize it, would give it much warmth and light of sun; know you what is best? One tells me this, one tells me that, but something within me says, warmth, light, cultivation of all kind, must come from one source—love.

The little foxes that spoil these vines; know you what they are? Suppose in our real vineyards we should find things causing misgrowth, we could never, for a moment, regard them as too insignificant for close study, and effort to get rid of them. But this is our course toward these other vines of tender grapes. One little one shows the warp of inconsideration and selfishness; one of obtuseness and intractability; one of fretfulness and irresponsibility; and all for lack of serious thought, attention and feeling. What are the little foxes that brought about this and that misgrowth? I think we may name these little foxes, which are so common, and which despoil, more or less, almost every one of these human tender grapes—I think we may name them querulousness, injudicious fault-finding, severity and lack of cheerfulness.

June! Think of that! It is the year's fullness of heart. I came out here early. The wind blew fresh, the sun rose and fell on the green sward, the birds were

hilarious. Across there came the tones of the organ and the voices of the choir. A long, level stretch of low, white paling, and within, serried rows of corn, rich and beautiful as it grows in these town gardens; and just above this the tall, open windows of the beautiful church.

We can none of us tell the good of nature's loveliness; it is nutritious and palatable food for the heart on which it feeds and is sustained. Let nature lose this feature, let it become unnatural, the sky get as brass, the grass and herbs dry up, and the heart grows bewildered and terrified.

On my front porch again enticed by the myriad delights around. What a world! What beauty, what delight! What barrenness, what misery! But these June mornings! Nothing but beauty from here. Yonder across that paling the rich, gray, blue-green of the corn is waving in long, slender banners; over that the long, brick wall of the church, with its tall windows; shadow and sunshine over the broad green sward of my yard, broad leaves of hot-house plants, evergreens, bulky shade trees, and the slender shafts of the front arches at my next neighbor's, where sits a young lady reading and rocking in an easy chair. The grass nods its lowly heads, shrubs bend and wave, birds sing and the wind blows. The wind! What a gay, rollicking sprite it is!

There is one thing I cannot endure, and that is the sunlight in the house. Let that hot garish light in, and I feel as if it were spoiled for the day. Go in and you will find beds deftly and smoothly spread; you will find carpets without a thread to mar their surface; furniture gleaming brightly, free from every grain of dust, while every outside door and blind is closed; the very sight cools and rests you. But I come out on the porch; the sun so offensive within is a glory without. I can gaze on it, on sky, grass, pale and herb, and never tire.

These comets have made a strange feeling toward God in my prayers; toward God, with whom I am at times so intimate—times not so

infrequent ; and then He allows me to see such strange mightiness as this, which awes me and makes me feel Him so far away.

A flower garden, a vegetable garden, and I might say a baby garden ; none of which do I take any absorbing, pleasurable interest in ; this is a "great evil under the sun." In a little while I will be called hence ; like the steward who did not improve his trust, I shall be found standing still, fretting, wondering ; seeing the world go by without seizing any work, and merging myself into it. What a calamity to be so disposed !

I have my small possessions. The spirit in me to improve is irrepressible (I am writing what I should be) the power inexhaustible. What ! difficulties ? Can't get a man ; weeds and filth taking the place ; flowers putting on the grewsome look of highborn things ; fettered to degradation. I go out to look at my cucumbers, my cabbage, my tomatoes. Go slow, examine with present senses, locate this and that, and that and this, and this and that, in your consciousness, inweave yourself into the day ; no gnawing at the heart, no yearning in the mind's and spirit's vitals for something not present ; let

them sleep a deep, profound sleep, and consciousness awake with intent and intense vitality. Ah ! the eyes, they can't see ! See, I turn over the vines gently, peering for fruit, pull up some weeds, take each one in succession, and yet, when I go to another part of the garden, I cannot tell a cucumber from a cantaloupe vine ; my spirit is hungering and thirsting away, disaffected, in spite of every effort, to the present. O hateful disaffection ! but it enthalls me ; memory, observation and effort are sucked dry of life's blood by this craving, craving.

Because to every purpose there is time and judgment, therefore the misery of man is great upon him. I suppose every one interprets the Bible according to his knowledge and his spirit's needs. I would understand that expression above to comprehend the successful and unsuccessful man. The "greatest evil under the sun" is that we should be so badly equipped for life when we enter upon it, so full of erroneous ideas, so misinformed, so strongly, so irresistibly biased toward injudicious courses—one might say, fatal courses. The preacher says : "This sore travail hath God given to the sons of man to be exercised thereby."

## AMBITION.

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

NOW to my lips bring thou some opiate  
Of dull forgetfulness ! While in thy gaze  
Still dreams the loveless beauty that betrays,  
And in thy mouth the music of thy hate.  
No promise more hast thou to make me wait,  
Or smile to cozen my sick heart with praise !  
Far, far behind thee stretch laborious days,  
And far before thee labors soon and late.  
Thine is the wild wisp that we deem a star ;  
Flying before us, ever fugitive,  
Thy mocking policy still keeps afar ;  
And thine the voice to which our longings give  
Fair siren forms of hope, that downward are  
Despair, we follow till we cease to live.

## INSKIP: A STORY.

BY EDWARD CUMMINGS.

(*Begun in May Number.*)

### CHAPTER V.

DUDLEY STUART REVEALS THE REASON OF HIS DISTEMPER.

IT was past midnight when Lea crept up the thick-carpeted stairs in the big old hall. He had decided to postpone his departure from Inskip for a few weeks. The resolution to go the next day had been deliberately made, but he felt that now it was not in him to leave. He stood for a long time at the upper-balcony window, looking out into the large and solemn night. The decadent moon reddened down to the black ridges beyond a sea of river-mists. Its light strewed the balcony, and its corner-urns of potted plants.

The girl's low voice seemed yet echoing in his ears; he seemed to hear the rustle of her dress, and its perfume mingled with the dewy breath of the cricket-comforted night.

A light streamed from Dudley's bedroom. Lea stepped noiselessly to the door. The lawyer was sitting in his shirt sleeves at a big table, in the round glow of a student lamp. A litter of letters and documents was pushed aside from his elbow. Lea saw his face in profile. His cheek rested in the palm of his right hand; he was staring vacantly at the lamp. His booted legs sprawled under the table. The room smelled of tobacco smoke.

He was rather more fine-looking than handsome. His features were strong and decided; he was of a pale olive complexion, with full hazel eyes and crisp, dark hair; a soft, black moustache drooped over his mouth. The slender, white forefinger of his left hand was hooked over the long stem of a clay pipe.

This was the picture Lea saw. His entrance disturbed it.

"And now, old Dudley Stuart, you can tell me what this fit you have on is about."

Stuart rose toweringly.

"Here, Ray! I don't strike you as having a fit on, do I?"

"A regular grouch." Lea sat down on the table.

An expression of pain flitted over Dudley's features.

"Anybody else notice it?"

"The whole house."

"The devil!"

"You see that sort of thing tells—in you."

"I reserve the right—can't a man enjoy a private bit of sulking?"

"Not, and sustain his reputation as a humorist. Out with it, man."

"Well, I'll tell you—but don't breathe it. You won't, will you?"

"No."

"It's a secret. I haven't told a—that is, I don't want it known. Here's my good old Uncle Dudley—who is a better man all up and down than anybody else in the world, except my daddy and you—down at St. Giles getting on his last legs. Sends for me, and says: 'Young Dudley, son, I'm as good as done for.' I say, 'Pooh!' and tell him so. He says: 'Have your say. But I want you to go to Congress in my place. You can do it—nothing in God's world to hinder.' Makes me promise, then and there, to make the race, and then orders me to begin laying my trot-lines right away. Then I go out in the streets and think."

Lea clapped him on the back. "Man, it's magnificent!"

"Is it, then?"

"With his benediction you're as good as elected! Where's the right to sulk?"

"Well!" said Dudley. "Right so. Here I'm to go planning and scheming and secretly organizing in anticipation of a pair of dead man's shoes, when the man that wears them isn't dead, and I don't want him to die for a thousand years! O botheration! Go on to bed! I'll tell you about it some other

time. You're not going to-morrow, anyhow. That's all nonsense. Go to bed."

Lea picked up a pipe.

"Bed! I'll—Tell me where you keep your tobacco. I'll go to bed—Christmas."

Stuart pulled his moustache. "I've got a quart of old sherry in that side-board. We'll drink it to old times."

"If it's all the same to you," said Lea, "we'll drink it to the new times—and Dudley Stuart, Junior, M. C.!"

These things and the sherry they discussed through what was left of the night. The barn-yard fowls were faintly crowing the dark hour precedent to daybreak when Lea went to bed. He lay awake for some time thinking. The recollection of Pauline and his sweet good fortune came like a cool night breeze bringing peace to a fevered brain. He became conscious and half-ashamed of his heart's delinquency in returning to her. He had been trying to straighten out, in his mind, a tangled situation in the first act of "The Flaming Sword."

## CHAPTER VI.

### A PATH OF GOLD.

The time of parting came upon a radiant July morning. Lea's trunk was sent into town while he was at breakfast. Dudley and the major went down immediately afterwards, and the carriage was ordered for Lea. He asked for a horse instead. He told the man who was to fetch back his mount to leave him at the turnpike on the way down. This was done at a whispered suggestion; and when he had given good-by to Mrs. Stuart, he found Pauline ready to accompany him on the walk down to the gate. "That was inspiration," he said. They rounded a curve in the road, shutting off sight of the house. She was dressed as she had been that June afternoon of luminous memory.

"I shall return not later than mid-winter," he said. "I can't arrange it differently."

"Midwinter!"

"January—or at best, Christmas."

"But that is so long—so long!"

"I shall have produced my tragedy by that time."

"And then?"

"Inskip again! If you are of the same mind, we shall be married, dear."

She pressed his hand in silence.

"There's a multitude of things we haven't talked over," he said.

"Yes. We must write every day," she said.

"I shall send you that volume of poems."

"And your photograph, dear. You won't forget that, will you? You have my new one in your valise?"

"In my pocket. There's something else, my dear girl."

"To talk of?"

"Our engagement."

"I have left that to you."

"Its announcement?"

"All."

They were at the gate. She gathered some of the dewy pink wild roses abounding in the edge of the park, and fastened them in his boutonniere. Her girlish total trustfulness, expressed in her "All!" was sweeter than bouquets.

He said: "This is my case," and she stood before him, her hand on his arm, downcast.

"I am a man without occupation. I don't need to make money, but people talk. In this our America they call a leisure class drones—and rightly. My family brands me a failure. I can see how it is. I don't blame them—much. I want to make a name for myself. Then I shall feel more worthy of you, Pauline. That is all. Dear, do you understand?"

"Perfectly," she said, looking up; her eye-lashes lifted tears.

Seeing them he said, "Not for my leaving, dear?"

"Yes!" she sobbed. "You are going away, with the world stretching out for you—full of promise! And for me—"

He enfolded her tenderly and kissed her. "Good-by, Pauline. Good-by, dear."

"Raymond, good-by," she whispered chokingly, and clung to him for a little while, and then released him.

Then he was upon his horse and rode away, and she bravely waved her handkerchief to him as he turned the bend of the road in the morning shine and kissed his hand to her.

And the sun looked over the mountain's rim.

And straight was a path of gold for him,  
And the need of a world of men for me.

She turned droopingly to the long walk to the house under the oaks. The blue July haze filled the forests. Multitudes of daisies bloomed along the road side. Locusts clattered in the trees. The dew was drying in the tangled way-side thickets, where dog-roses bloomed and cool shadows fell. The leafy deep wood stood peaceful as an empty church. In the golden morning, somewhere, an elegiac dove was cooing for its mate.

## CHAPTER VII.

### HER LETTER IN OCTOBER.

#### INSKIP, SUNDAY MORNING.

*Dear Raymond:* Do you remember the scuppernong? It turns a ripe gold-brown in the early autumn, and this morning I picked a dainty basket full at the trellis by the green-house, and then with skirts lifted out of dew's harm—do you picture me?—threaded my way among the purple morning-glories to this rustic, oak-shaded bench by the walk, and here, while the sun is shining brilliant and fair through the white mists, I sit with pad and pencil, writing to my Raymond. It is so still, dear! You call it peaceful, but that doesn't satisfy me now; I call it beautiful and lonely—so lonely!

Everyone is gone to church but your servant and Dudley. I can hear the church bells ringing in St. Giles, and I can see the square toe of Dudley's boot dangling over the upper balcony railing; occasionally I get a waft of his cigar. The sun is pouring silver over the top of the bluffs, and the shadows linger along the river. The white mists have swum into the sky; the day is warm; it might be summer. Setting aside my thinking of you—and that is much to waive, my dearest—

this tranquil beauty of nature's mere externals fills my existence; it is a perpetual astonishment. The beauty is always there; it never fails. And yet, how well I know that it would be nothing to me if I were not happy! There have been times in my short little life—but I will not prose. This morning the early sunshine, which is not hot, surprised me in my bed; I sprang up in a sort of terror at losing some of the morning.

Some roses are yet blooming in the garden; the wisteria hangs in rich purple clusters. The sumac is burning red in splashes on the hillside; here and there a sassafras shows crimson leaves. A few days and the woods will be a mass of parti-colored flame. A jar-fly out there in the big trees is rasping out a mad cavatina. The books say those things sing constantly until they die.

I don't know why I am writing you this simple little letter this brilliant morning. I wrote to you last, and in that letter I told you all. It is a little over two months since you went away; it seems more, of course. I feel so irresolute and uncertain, sometimes doubting now the reality of things. You came a mere acquaintance and went away calling me your sweetheart. In these days I wander down in a kind of dream among the golden-rod, and through the woodland, which this year has seemed so newly and tenderly gracious. It seems too divinely perfect to be true in this world, Raymond. Happiness with you, dear! The dream has lived in my heart since that time—I may tell you of it now—more than a year ago, when you came riding in with Dudley from a gallop on the pike, and looking so rugged and cavalierish—do you remember? Of course you don't remember how you looked! You rode past my window here at Inskip to the stables; I heard you talking "Stuart, my dear fellow—" I couldn't catch what you said, only I liked your voice, and I was just home that day from boarding-school, and Aunt Hattie said: "That's Dudley's old friend, Raymond Lea."

I am not self-analytic, dear, as you



are ; I have hardly got myself catalogued. I am scarcely sure of anything, except, dear, that I love you ! I love you ! There was a time when the thought of saying that would have seemed terrible and bold. I was not really sure you thought much about me, and I was—or wanted to be—proud. But now I trust you infinitely !

Raymond, I had such a queer experience the other night. I was out for a walk in the starlight, with Hector, the setter. Usually I don't like to be alone out of doors in the dark, but this night I forgot to be fearful. I went out on the river road ; I had gone nearly as far as the grave-yard—the little family burying-ground, where all the Stuarts and their kinsfolk are buried. Dudley's wife is there. I was turning around to come back when I saw someone leaning on the grave-yard railings, inside. It gave me a start, but Hector regarded the figure without hostility, and as I crept close, I saw that it was Dudley. He was leaning with his elbow on the fence, pulling his moustache, with his hat down over his eyes. He seemed to be looking off to the ridges, where the moon was whitening the edges of the clouds as it lifted its shoulder into sight. In that grave-yard—you guessed rightly that day—was buried the woman for whom he jeopardized his own happiness rather than destroy hers. I wonder what he was thinking of? Dear, gentle, kindly Dudley ! I did not disturb him, but left him so, with his hat aslant, looking across the graves at the swollen moon. He goes to his law-office regularly ; uncle says he is really doing some law work. This morning, wicked fellow, he set to work cleaning his gun and loading shells ; they go shooting to-morrow—uncle and he, and Mr. Van Dusen. Mr. Van Dusen has brought his dogs up, and Dudley has been training them to work with old Hector, who is jealous. Dudley is through his work now ; I fancy he is deep in a book on political economy, which subject he has lately seemed to be interested in. I'm prosing again, dear.

There's the railway whistle—deep—away off ! How I hate it ! It makes

me think of that morning I heard the train rumble—carrying you away.

I have had a whole morning of thinking about you, idling over this letter, nibbling my scuppernongs. It is now noon ; the air is pulseless ; the shadows fall a little to the northeast. The air is soft, like the smell of magnolias. Dudley's boot has disappeared from the porch ; the sun sits there. I don't hear my cicada now ; is he dead, or asleep ? The cricket goes like a clock ; did you know the crickets sing all the time ?

Ah, how lonely it is ! I shiver with it sometimes. I don't believe you understand that ; do you, Raymond ? Well it doesn't matter, if you'll only love me—love me ! You will write very soon, won't you, dearest ? I wish you so much joy !

Your little provincial sage and loving  
PAULINE BLAIR.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A FEMININE COLLOQUY IN MIDWINTER, MANIFESTING THE DIRECTION OF THE WIND.

A winter rain came up over the gray woods at Inskip, fulfilling the day-long prophecy of the skies. It rattled across the undulating slopes, driving cold ; and then the wind sank and the downpour became gentle and continuous, soaking and drizzling over the gray world.

Pauline, in a flowing black wrapper, left her writing, coming to the fire to warm her fingers ; the corners of her big chamber seemed chilly. Leaving the glowing heap she turned to the tall window, parting the curtains. She saw a horizon scarcely distinguishable ; the outline of a string of ducks flying through the rain was blurred by the tingling beat and flow on the pane. Looking down she saw a black horse, side-saddled, standing in the carriage entrance ; she began to wonder whose it was. "Why, it's Laura's !" she said aloud ; and at that instant Laura herself came into her room, riding-habited, whip in hand. Her eyes and cheeks glowed. She brushed refractory

strands of hair from her forehead, and cried:

"And this is me!"

"Dear! Did you get wet?"

"Not a drop."

"Why, where have —"

"I've been looking for someone to stable Florio. I got Joe, at last. You didn't know I was here?"

"You would not have had to hunt me."

"O! bon-bons! Gimme, gimme, gimme!"

"Kiss me first."

"There! When I eat these, are there some more? Where did you get them?"

"Dudley. Lots and lots. Look yonder. You can take some to Sidney Van Dusen."

Laura munched nougat. "Isn't he lovely?"

"Who?"

"Sidney."

"He's very charming. Is he devoted?"

"As you are to that supercilious man in New York."

"That isn't kind, my dear Laura."

"I know it."

"I'm sorry you don't like him."

"So am I."

"Why don't you?"

"Oh, I don't know. He's—he's peculiar."

"No sin."

"He's selfish."

"Oh, you are mistaken!"

"No!"

"You can't conceive how much you are mistaken!"

"I hope I am. Does he write often?"

"Do take off your riding things, Laura. You will have to stay all night now, and—"

"Does he, Pauline?"

"He is very busy."

"I knew it!"

"What?" Pauline turned a quick crimson.

"He's wondering what turned his head so—"

"Dearest?"

"And how he will get out of it!"

"You are hurting me, Laura, talking like that!"

"But, Pauline, I ought to!"

"Not so—so brutally."

"Only the truth."

"We stand so far apart when you go on that way. And I don't want it to be so."

"It's because I like you, love you, Pauline dear, that I am so candid."

"You might be mistaken in your opinions."

"I might. And, anyway," said Laura meltingly, "it's rude to come up here and kiss you and eat your candy and begin on you that way."

Pauline put an arm about her friend.

"I'm not angry, Lolly."

"Sweet!"

"Only you mustn't talk that way any more."

"I shall talk about it any way I choose, you imperious thing! You said Sidney was not good enough for me."

"That was a compliment, for Mr. Van Dusen is mighty good."

"Coals of fire!"

"Listen, Laura. I have a secret. Uncle Dudley sent for his nephew-namesake last summer, some months before he died, and had a long talk with him. He told Dudley he must succeed him in Congress."

"That's no secret, now."

"Wait. Dudley came to me and asked my advice."

"So like him! What did you say?"

"I urged him to try."

"He wasn't long in coming out."

"He didn't want to do anything until uncle died. He didn't like the idea of looking forward to a dead man's shoes, he said."

"That objection can't exist now. He's such an old maid!"

"How popular Uncle Dudley was!"

"Sid said they would have kept returning old Colonel Stuart even if he lived to be a hundred."

"Sid is an oracle."

"They swear by the name Stuart in the back counties, Sid said."

"Dudley's chances are good."

"The same name exactly—Dudley Stuart! Sid says he will get the nomination of his party, which is equivalent to election, world without end."

"Dudley Stuart has queer theories.

He says, you know, Laura, that greatness is not in doing, but in being."

"I think," said Miss Meriwether, deliberately, "that he is the most magnificent man in the world."

"O-oh! Not excepting Sid?"

"Saving Sid," said Laura, upon reflection.

"How are you two getting on?"

"We fuss steadily."

"A good sign, I'm told."

"It was queer, Mr. Dudley's seeking counsel of you."

"Remember, we have grown up together."

"I believe he is—he cares for you, Pauline."

"You are not the first to suggest that, dear."

"I'm the only one that has had any right to, because I'm your best friend."

"Yes. But it is very much in error."

"What?"

"The notion is absurd, dear! Dudley?"

"Don't you like him?"

"Most loyally! But not that way, dearest."

"You don't believe he wants to marry you?"

"Oh, I'm sure he doesn't."

"He does!"

"I am not surer of anything than that he doesn't."

"How do you know?"

"I should know it if he did."

"I don't believe you would."

"He has had sad experiences."

"They don't count."

"How you persist! I grew very much agitated when—when it was first intimated to me. But I am quite sure that it's all right. Dudley doesn't want to marry anybody."

"And if he did?"

"Do give over, Laura."

"Well," said Laura, resignedly.

"What have you been reading?"

Pauline's eyes grew listless. "I have read nothing."

"Nothing? Where's all your enthusiasm?"

"Gone."

"That's a bad sign, my dear old girl."

"Indicative of what?"

"Now, Pauline!"

Her friend flung out: "Ah, Laura, why should you worry me so?" and dropped her head on Laura's shoulder.

"My poor little Pauline!" Laura laughed tenderly. She patted the pale cheek, and looked thoughtfully into the fire.

"He's a mean dog," she said, reflectively.

"Ah, don't talk that way, Laura!"

"I shall talk as I please."

"I believe him to be loyal and—"

"Excepting, only he won't write to you!"

"He is very busy."

"Too busy to write to his sweetheart of a few months! Pauline, you were born a goose! He has simply—"

"I shouldn't have told you about it, if I had known you were going to be so harsh. You can understand me," said Pauline, swallowing a sob. "I couldn't tell any of the other girls of our circle. I wouldn't have the impulse. But you!"

"They would take a very crude estimate," said Laura. "They—"

"They would ridicule me, dear. But I can't help seeing things differently."

"You are so loyal and tender," said Laura, compassionately. Her tone implied an affliction in these qualities.

"Do you know what I'd like to do? This hat-pin, see! I'd like to drive it in his neck—Mr. Raymond Lea's handsome neck—just in the jugular!"

"Laura!" Pauline gave a little shriek. "I hate you for that!" She arose with burning cheeks. "What right have you to talk to me that way? I tell you a few things, and you conjecture a great many and—and—insult me! That is what you do—you insult me!" She felt herself to be talking wildly. "Only—only I can't get mad at you!"

The anti-climax brought forth a long chime of soft laughter from Laura.

"Everything, slides into laughter with you," cried Pauline.

Laura said, musingly: "If anything was ever fit for loud laughter, it is this idea of your trying to get mad at me!" There were tears in her eyes, but they came of laughing. "Why, you can't



*Drawn by Lyell Carr.*

"I'd like to drive it in his neck."

get mad at me. It's ridiculous. We never were mad at each other."

"I am not mad," said Pauline.

"You needn't say it so mournfully."

"You make me appear so fatuous."

"That's because you ought to know I'm right. You won't hear to it; you're twice as persistent as I am, only you're not noisy about it, like me; yet all the same he means to go back on you—the thing's clear as day. What you want to do is to forget him."

"Forget!"

The word echoed plaintively in Laura's ear.

"You have never deeply cared for anyone, or you couldn't talk so."

"You have no pride."

"I am all pride." Pauline's cheeks were white; her brown eyes flashed liquidly; she lifted her head.

"The proof is wanting."

"It is pride in myself and in him that makes me trust him. What is love, if it isn't trust? And what is trust, if it can't live in the face of adverse appearances? He might be sick, his letters might be lost—a thousand things. I don't know, I don't care. I trust him as much now as ever, only—only—O Laura!"

Laura enfolded her, stroking her dark hair. "That 'only' tells it all; Pauline, dear forgive me. I've been prodding you when I should be comforting. It will all come right, dear. Then, there's Mr. Dudley."

"You're such a poor consoler, Laura," murmured Pauline with a pathetic little laugh. Whereat Miss Meriwether smiled knowingly.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE PICTURE AND THE PLAY.

Lea's friend nibbled Neufchatel and sipped a glass of light wine. Lea concluded reading the manuscript, put it down, crossed his legs, and said: "That covers all of the essential situations."

Dewine nodded.

"Your verdict, Dewine!" Lea bit off the end of a cigar.

"You read the thing well, Lea." A distinct emphasis on the "well" mitigated this roundabout damnation.

But Lea flushed slightly. "I know the tenor of your criticism now."

"Then I withhold it."

"I didn't mean to discourage its deliverance."

"My say isn't necessary. You know just what you intend to do. Why bother with my opinion?"

"It may be of value."

"It cannot be so."

"Do you find nothing appreciably remediable?"

"Much!"

"Then fire away. I'm not thin-skinned, remember."

"I know you say so. I'd rather you were. The true artist ought to be."

"We'll waive that as a settled point of difference."

"I shouldn't want you to talk to me as you want me to talk to you, Lea."

"I court candid criticism."

"When a man is sure he is right he ought to go ahead, and ask nobody about it."

"I may not be sure."

"Then you're lost."

"Now you're coming to it."

"My criticism is not specific. I can't go so far afield."

"Let it be general."

"It would be valueless."

"Let me have it."

Ran Dewine rubbed his thumb and forefinger in his eyes, squeezed the bridge of his nose, frowning horribly.

"I hardly know what to say."

"You couldn't say worse."

"My judgment—you draw it on yourself; recall that afterwards."

"You make it portentous."

"Remember, too, that I judge it by the measure of failure or success."

"Judge it so."

"And that to have succeeded is to have transcended the boundaries of the fair, the respectable—"

"The excellent mediocre, in short."

"You catch my notion. Not to have failed it must taste of Hippocrene."

"The way is clear now."

"Then I say you have failed with it, my dear Raymond. Observe, I don't call the thing rot. It is rather good, in its way. But—and I can say this to you because you will think otherwise,



and be rather more amused than hurt—it's tame."

"Tame?" Lea mused.

"There's not a touch of individuality in it."

"But gods! Dewine, consider; it's a play!"

"That's so—a play."

"It's not a literary performance."

"Perhaps I am wrong."

"You test only its literary quality."

Dewine was reflective, "My criticism covers my own estimate of the dramatic qualities of the piece. I claim my judgment to be as good as anybody's, there. I don't know what the stage-going public may like. God forbid that I should study the taste of the theater mob."

"That's why you slash into popular books in your reviews."

"I treat them as they deserve."

"But that's off the subject. This thing of mine—"

"It may take on the boards."

"That's the criticism I wanted."

"It don't take me, very strongly, though," Dewine admitted, grimly. "But I won't pretend to account for what our New York theater-goers will like, either in melodrama or farce-comedy. Your technique seems to be good; I guess you've studied it carefully. But your managers will decide its fate for you."

"Ah! I shan't worry about that."

"You won't?" Dewine slips curled laughingly. "You're a wonder! Suppose none of them take it?"

"It's all fixed."

"Accepted?"

"By the first man I presented it to."

"Why, now, that's good, you know. Who was he?"

"I picked my man," said Lea. "I had heard enough of these trials of playwrights. I am not a patient man; I didn't want the dose. I collared my man and talked—business."

"Ah, the golden key, hey?"

"I had to sell out some railroad stock to do it."

"Well, that's enlightening."

"It's a first-class theater, good cast, young men of talent not yet tried in prominent parts. Costuming elaborate

—also press notices and advertisements."

"You're a practical genius, Ray!"

"My manager's enthusiastic."

"He has seen the play?"

"Of course."

"M-m. And—checks? I certainly wish you all the success you expect."

"Thank you very kindly, my boy."

"I sincerely hope my judgment in this instance is bad."

"Well, I rather think it is myself," said Lea, with a laugh in his earnest gray eyes. Dewine smote him on the back and laughed responsively, and strolled idly to the mantel.

"Here's that unique portrait again—Miss Blair is the name, isn't it? The face impressed me." He blew a thin shade of dust from the glass. "Say, now, Lea—ah—how about that?"

Lea did not answer.

He was stooping, examining manuscripts in a low cabinet; he busied himself with these for some time.

"We had some talk along there," Ran Dewine pursued, and just then it struck him that Lea was pretending not to hear. He quit the topic as one draws back from cracking ice; with Dewine, delicacy was as instinctive as honor. He put the picture aside, sang out, "By-the-way!" and snapped his watch-lid. Lea turned, with eyes undeniably troubled, and face somewhat flushed, which may have been caused by the stooping. Dewine's talk was of amusements. It was his birthday, he said; there was to be a spread. "All college men—Greek-letter chaps—you know them all. You're coming, you know."

"I can't," said Lea. "I've got to work. That third act needs some polishing; I want to get it ready for the actors' manifolds to-morrow. There's to be a dress rehearsal in a week. They want the new copies."

He was penciling interlineations in the type-written sheets when Dewine left. As he struck the cold outer air in the snowy afternoon the caller murmured softly to himself: "If I had such self-confidence I'd be famous in a week. I wonder what's on his mind about the girl?"

## DEVELOPMENT OF THE CLUB IDEA IN MEMPHIS.

BY ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON.

"THE Promised Land of Women." So has America been renamed by a sage of the present era.

The question has been asked again and again, how did it chance, how did it come to pass, this entering of woman into her own, this possession by her of the new realm with its higher destiny, its higher possibilities?

It may be that no adequate or satisfactory reply can be given save that it was so ordained. But there are those who claim that out of the terrible national struggle of thirty years ago, arose the conditions which women, already intelligent beyond their generation, so mastered and manipulated, that heights were attained, from which—as were they the lofty peaks of Pisgah—they gazed entranced upon the gardens of Canaan.

Certain it is that, both in the North and in the South, during the civil war, American women faced new problems, new conditions, new perplexities. They were banded together for the accomplishment of public duties, for the promotion of specific enterprises, and

when the war closed they returned to the old routine of life, carrying with them a new sense of power and capacity.

They had been stirred heart and soul. They had followed day by day the fateful events of the times, they had advanced along the line of intellectual and emotional being, and now felt dimly that much was to be achieved by coming together and looking into life from the new point of view. It was perhaps to some such impulse that Sorosis, the pioneer woman's club, owed its existence. It was established by leading women of New York in 1868. Their example was quickly followed, and the New England Women's Club was organized the same year. Next came The Association for the Advancement of Women. Some years later The New Century, of Philadelphia, and later still, about 1880, the first club in the South, The Athenæum, of Macon, Georgia. About 1884 The Woman's Club of New Orleans was organized by Elizabeth Bisland, and later still, in 1890, was organized in Memphis, The Nineteenth Century Club, which has now become famous all over the South for its brilliant women and its notable achievements.

Previous to this time there had been book clubs and other small associations of a literary character, but nothing that was an exponent of the club idea, as it is understood to-day. The most notable example of the Book Club, as known in Memphis, may be found in The Thackeray, the pioneer woman's club of the city. It was organized in 1876, fourteen years earlier than the Nineteenth Century, and is composed of some of the most highly cultured and best-known women of the city. Its president is Mrs. W. J. Crawford, a leader in the social life of Memphis, and a woman of most delightful personality. She is a niece of the late prominent Mississippian, Mr.



Mrs. Annah Robinson Watson.  
*Third President Nineteenth Century Club.*



Mrs. Elise Massey Selden.

*Founder and Second President Nineteenth Century Club.*

Jacob Thompson, who was Secretary of the Interior in 1861, and later, Lieutenant-Colonel and Inspector-General of the Confederate States. Mrs. Crawford is a representative of an old Southern family, and her bearing suggests the typical woman of the "old regime," while her broad outlook upon the life of the day stamps her as keenly alive to its progressive tendencies. This club purchases the best

and latest books, and has them sent from member to member in regular order. At the pleasure of the members social meetings or receptions are held, and some of the most *recherché* affairs of each season are the reunions of the Thackerays. The membership is limited to twenty, and there are no vacancies except those caused by death or removal from the city.

As already stated, The Nineteenth

Century Club was organized in 1890. The founder of the club and the one to whom it is indebted for its first inspiration and its wise establishment is Mrs. Elise Massey Selden, a beautiful woman of broad culture, exquisite refinement and an individuality replete with magnetism. The presidents of the club have been Mrs. R. C. Brinkley, Mrs. Selden, Mrs. Annah Robinson Watson, Mrs. Bettie Allen Greer, and Mrs. Lulie Jones Farrabee.

Mrs. Brinkley, the first woman to receive this honor, filled the position with a dignified bearing, a gracious presence, which rested as a benediction upon those who came within the radius of her influence. But, before the first year had gone, her place was vacant, and only a hallowed memory remained. The first vice-president, Mrs. Enoch Ensley, a woman whose rare beauty and graces of soul and mind have made her pre-eminent, filled the unexpired term.

The presiding officer during the year just ended, Mrs. Farrabee, has won the broadest recognition for her intense devotion to the arduous duties of the position, for her great tact, and for her personal interest in the club members.

At the annual election in January of this year, Mrs. Greer was again made president.

Her previous year of office, 1893, is considered one of the most successful of the club's existence. A few years since Mrs. Greer was a reigning belle in the best social circles of Memphis, and was noted for her beauty as well as intellect.

Since her marriage she has been conspicuous for her ability as a leader in organization work. Both Mrs. Greer and Mrs. Watson belong to old Kentucky families.

From two very modest apartments the club has grown in the five years of its life to the demands of a large and influential body. The membership list shows three hundred names, the club is incorporated and with its six officers and executive committee has proven its working machinery to be of the very best.

The aim of the club is well stated in its annual announcement. It is first, "To provide a centrally located reading-room for the use of members wherein shall be kept on file the best periodical literature: Second, to encourage a spirit of research in literary



Mrs. Keller Anderson.

*First Vice-President Woman's Council.*

fields, and provide an intellectual center for the women of Memphis."

To say that this aim has been accomplished would but poorly express the achievements of the club. It has kept upon the table in its reading-room the very best magazines and journals of the day, both of our own and other countries. It has a number of bound volumes, the beginning doubtless of a fine library; it has entertained either as guests or lecturers, Joseph Jefferson, Stepniak (the Russian exile), Father Huntington, Mr. Henry George, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Thomas Nelson Page, Robert Grant, Max O'Rell, James Whitcomb Riley and many other notable American and foreign men of letters. The Association for the Advancement of Women, one of the most progressive and intellectual organizations of Northern women, was the guest of the Nineteenth Century Club, in 1892, and, in the management

of the convention held at that time, these Southern women proved themselves possessed of executive ability quite equal to the occasion.

The work of the club is divided among committees, the members serving upon these committees as individual



Mrs. Lullie Jones Farrabee.  
*Fifth President Nineteenth Century Club.*

preference may incline them. Literature, music, art, education, philanthropy, every line of intellectual activity is represented; and under the auspices of these committees, afternoons with most charming programmes are furnished the members. Short stories, poems, essays, original productions in song, water color exhibits, symposiums upon vital topics, follow each other in delightful succession, and since among the names on the membership-list are those of women who have gained a hearing in the best literary centers of the country, it is not strange that the meetings prove interesting.

The new quarters of the club have just been opened. They include an audience hall and a suite of four apartments in the Lyceum theater. The hall is beautifully proportioned, sixty-six feet by twenty-six. A stage occupies one corner, and large plate glass windows on three sides of the room

supply light and ventilation. The woodwork is cherry, and the wall tinting terra cotta, the ceiling is frescoed, and in the corners may be discovered the monogram of the club. Just opposite the rostrum at the side of the audience hall is the tea room, and from this ascends a winding stair to the custodian's office; from this, on the west, opens the reading-room. Here the walls and draperies are the daintiest green. Around two sides are book shelves, and in the center is a long table piled with the current numbers of the most popular magazines. A broad arch divides this room from the most attractive nook of the entire suite. It is in Pompeian red, walls, draperies, woodwork, all harmonizing in tint. Dainty writing desks, low-cushioned seats, beautiful pictures, welcome the weary club member; and opening from this room is one devoted to class-meetings and committee work, where her industrious sister may always be found. The club owns a large case of dainty china, and over many a cup of fragrant tea is heard the bright repartee and witty rejoinder.

It may be claimed without fear of contradiction that no other organization nor social power has arisen during the last quarter of a century which has done so much to advance and develop a high grade of intellectual work in Memphis as the Nineteenth Century Club. Gossip? No, these women are too busy, too much absorbed, too deeply inquisitive regarding theories of right and wrong, regarding the mysteries disclosed by philosophic research, the opposing tenets of the veritist and the romanticist, to waste a thought upon the doings of this or that individual.

Some sage declared: "The most fascinating women are those that can most enrich the every-day moments of existence;" and just this it has been proven the club woman does. Instead of dealing in stale commonplace in conversations with husband and children, she stimulates them by queries and statements relating to some truth of history or some recent discovery. Instead of dissertations upon the weather, domestic ills, or some neighbor's





The Reading Room—Nineteenth Century Club.

personal peculiarities, she directs attention to the fine points in works of poet, of artist, or of story-teller. It has been often claimed that women have not only influenced, but wielded a large power in moulding, the world's poesy. In the next generation it will be proven that she has a large share in directing and developing its activities along the lines of science and of art; and if, as assented, an accurate estimate of the condition of any country may be made from the condition of the women of the country, then in this day and generation the condition of America should be considered the most hopeful, for nowhere else do women stand more deservedly high in the intellectual and moral scale.

Within a year after the organization of the Nineteenth Century Club, another and smaller club was established by Mrs. John M. Judah. It was called The Memphis Women's Club, and had for its object the institution of a "center for the intellectual culture of its members, and for the elevation of domestic life." The limit of membership is thirty-five, and this number includes many of the most gifted women of the community. The papers prepared in the regular routine of club work are scholarly and finished in matter and diction. Since the establishment of

"The Woman's Council," meetings have been held in the parlors of this organization. The Women's Club has had but one president, its founder, Mrs. John M. Judah, a woman of most decided intellectual and executive ability, and one whose literary work has received recognition in the highest circles.

The Cosmopolitan Club is older by two years than either the Nineteenth Century or Women's Club. Its meetings are held fortnightly in the homes of members, and a large amount of original work of a high order is done. This year the study is devoted entirely to American authors, and the work is faithful and painstaking. Essays are written, and the various topics earnestly discussed. The annual meeting is the only one devoted to social pleasure.

It is a notable fact that the musical tone of Memphis has been elevated to a remarkable degree during the past few years, and no organization has done more to accomplish this result than the Beethoven Club. Its influence has been ever upward tending, and the character of its work faithful and thorough. The club has presented for the benefit of music lovers the work of the best composers, and has followed conscientiously the best classic studies. It is said that the priests of ancient Egypt scrupulously avoided the use, in their worship, of music of an effeminate or sentimental character, in



Alcove of Audience Hall—Nineteenth Century Club.



Mrs. Mary Beecher Ensley.

*First Vice-President Nineteenth Century Club; Second Vice-President Woman's Council.*

order that only the most elevated and inspiring strains might be used as a soul-lever. This society seems to have worked with the same thought, and it has on many occasions rendered the most difficult and complicated creations of the old masters of melody.

It may be true that America has as yet no music of a national character; but since the art is now so widely cultivated, the time cannot be distant when some master will arise ready to voice the sentiments of the nation. It has not been generally realized that music may "embalm the whole history of a people, that it may be a worthy handmaid to the science of philology and anthropology," that it may, as is the case with the folk-songs of the Slavs, give a clear outline of the different stages of the development of a people. These songs go back to the time when human sacrifices were burnt at the altar of heathen gods in Roumania and Servia, and so, in a sense, preserve historic records of those primitive times.

That nation should have the noblest music whose people have been stirred by the sublimest enthusiasms, whose spirits have been animated by the loftiest ambitions, and whose gamut of feeling has been strained to the highest and the lowest pitch. If this be true, then America will have a magnificent history to transmit in harmony. Her very birth, her baptism in the blood of the Revolution, the checkered years following, the heart-rending experiences of the Civil War, the pathos consequent upon circumstances connected with her institutions of slavery, all these elements will unite to give her material for a magnificent national music. This thought has been suggested by the views expressed by Antonin Dvorak, who is deeply interested in the subject. The Beethoven Club has already paid frequent homage to the composers of our own country, by no means neglecting them while studying those of world-wide reputation.

The Tennessee Branch of the International Folk Lore Society was organized



Mrs. Bettie Allen Greer,  
Fourth President Nineteenth Century Club.

in May, 1893, and was represented in the World's Congress of that year. The first president was its founder, Mrs. Annah Robinson Watson. Her term of office was followed by the election of the present presiding officer, Professor Wharton Jones. The meetings are held monthly, and though the work has never included laborious studies, it has been unique and stimulating. Papers are written upon subjects demanding unusual lines of investigation; superstitions and legends of different primitive peoples are compared, and some original work in the folk-lore of our own people has been done.

In January of the present year, a Folk Lore Congress was held in Memphis upon invitation of the local society. It proved a most successful venture, and a very deep interest was aroused in the study. Among the subjects under special consideration was the history and meaning of the "Swastika," that ancient symbol, the universal prevalence of which has given rise to so much learned discussion; Legends and customs of the Samoans, Superstitions of Alaska, The Folk-lore of Shakspeare, Witch-lore of the negroes, and the lore of Middle Tennessee. This latter subject was treated in a delightful manner by Will Allen Dromgoole.

There has been much dialect writing

in and about the South. But dialect is by no means synonymous with folk-lore, though this idea seems to have prevailed with some. Those who are interested in such matters state that the folk-lore of the South is still imbedded in an immense and unworked mine, from which as yet comparatively little has been unearthed. It may be that this club will do notable work in this direction.

Among the new organizations of Memphis none has done better work than the Author's Club, established in March, 1894. It was suggested by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, one of the best known and most prominent literary women of Memphis. Mrs. Boyle is the author of the Southern epic, "The Other Side," and, though still young, is a favorite with readers of the leading magazines.

The aim of this club is to secure a concentration of local forces, the stimulus resulting from concerted action, the benefit of intelligent criticism, and the dignity which results from the combining of forces. It has on its list of membership the names of some of the best-known literary men and women of Memphis. On the associate list the leaders in educational and other literary endeavors, and the honorary membership includes famous men and women all over the country who have manifested a kindly interest in this Southern movement. One of the ideas popular in the club and treated ably in a recent paper is the "decentralization of literature." That is, the encouragement of local centers as opposed to one or two great national centers such as New York and Boston. The South should have at least four. The West, the North and the East each its own share. If this plan were followed, the profession of letters would secure an immense impetus, and the many-sided life of the country be presented with such strong local color and flavor that the infinite varieties of existence would be fully represented, and worn-out literary types be forever discarded.

The meetings of the Author's Club are monthly. At these meetings original poems, stories and essays are read,

and then criticised without fear or favor. Literary men and methods are discussed, and a generous tone of mutual appreciation encouraged.

The only officer of the Author's Club is its secretary, Mr. Walter Malone, a poet who demands the broadest and fullest recognition from his people. His fourth book of poems is just issued, and among the beautiful things awaiting those who are to turn its pages these lines are but a promise. Since they are called, "He who hath loved," the application should be very broad.

He who hath loved hath borne a vassal's chain,

And worn the royal purple of a king;

Hath shrunk beneath the icy winter's sting,

Then reveled in the golden summer's reign;

He hath within the dust and ashes lain,

Then soared o'er mountains on an eagle's wing;

A hut hath slept in, worn with wandering,  
And hath been lord of castle-towers in Spain.

He who hath loved hath starved in beggar's cell,

Then in Aladdin's jeweled chariot driven;

He hath with passion roamed, a demon fell,

And had an angel's raiment to him given;

His restless soul hath burned with flames of hell,

And winged through ever-blooming fields  
of heaven.

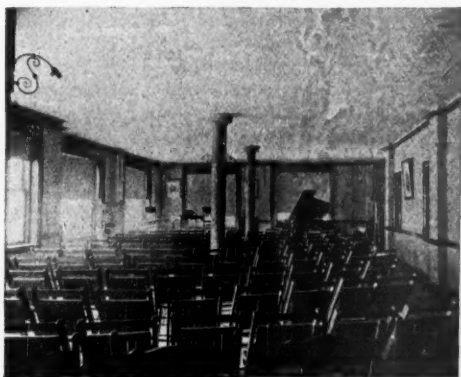
The Woman's Council was organized in Memphis, in 1893, and has increased



A place for a quiet chat—Nineteenth Century Club.

in membership and developed in work and resources constantly. It is a union of other associations, and comprises a large proportion of the most influential bodies of workers in the city. Literary, religious, philanthropic, musical, educational, all are represented in its activity, and on the afternoons when its various committees serve, many delightful programmes are rendered. It has brought as guests to the city many notable people, among them Mr. Hamlin Garland, Edwin Russel, James Lane Allen and others equally famous.

The council has had but one president, Mrs. C. N. Grosvenor. Mrs. Grosvenor is a favorite among social leaders as well as a woman of unusual literary ability and of recognized skill in the conduct of affairs. The council rooms were burned during the past winter, and new apartments have just been fitted up in the Randolph building. When first organized it was proposed that the council should hold quarterly meetings, that upon these occasions there should be reports from the various associations of which it was composed, that a bureau of information should be established, through which members could communicate and co-operate. This plan was soon much enlarged, and the council now holds regular monthly meetings, has afternoon and evening entertainments, and



The Audience Hall—Nineteenth Century Club.

is, in the details of its work, quite similar to an immense club. The first Vice-President of The Council is Mrs. Kellar Anderson, a woman of marked individuality and of prominence in the organization work of the city. The second Vice-President is Mrs. Enoch Ensley.

It is claimed that Memphis has about forty literary, educational and philanthropic organizations, this number not including the religious associations immediately connected with church work; and, while this number is in one sense cause for congratulation, on the other hand it would seem to suggest an excessive activity in certain respects.

The club as an educational factor can no longer be ignored, nor perhaps can it be over estimated. It is a forum where the individual may appear untrammelled by the differences of creeds, since it is probably not even known to what religious body she belongs. In this way prejudice is eliminated or disarmed, social distinctions are largely obliterated, and the sisterhood of woman, as well as the brotherhood of man, stimulated.

Club life demands a generous bestowal of self and a generous recognition of others. Thus the tendency is to broaden one's conceptions and habits of thought. It encourages an accurate use of time, a wise adjustment of life's forces, and the power to discriminate between life's details, that they may receive their correct proportionate values. The club is a fine school for character study. It is also a school where one learns by unconscious acquisition. It is a school where one is stimulated to go to the "very edge of her possibilities," where, from the contagion of activity, intellectual heights are easily attained, and where the highest plane of altruism should be reached.

Some latter-day sage has declared that "organization is civilization," and it must be admitted that the civilization of the present era seems to find its largest and most satisfactory manifestation through organizations. The multiplication of organizations is much more marked among women than men. Women seem to have been peculiarly sensitive or responsive to the influence,

and since they have lent themselves to the influence with greater enthusiasm than men, and, since the inherent claims and duties of the woman's life, will be more immediately affected by excessive adherence to the club or organization idea than men, it is perhaps worth while to call a halt, and for a moment to look at the subject from an opposite point of view.

There can be no doubt that any line of conduct that lessens woman's influence over man, will be prejudicial to the general well-being of the race, since woman's influence has in all ages been man's greatest safeguard. Then it behooves her, whatever else she may do, however she may hope to advance, to do nothing which will diminish this influence. As she rises in the scale of



Mrs. Olivia Hill Grosvenor—President Woman's Council.



intellectual achievement, let her hold to the spiritual, which has ever been her strongest possession and, as she surrounds herself with the evidence of brain force and scope, let her in no wise endanger her capacity for loving and being loved, for influencing and arousing the tenderest and noblest sentiments of which man is capable.

There is an old French proverb: "Women can accomplish everything because they rule those who command everything," and in ancient days one of the wise young men at the court of Darius declared "Woman is the strongest! She rules the king!" But if woman lessens her capacity for arousing the admiration and confidence of man her influence is at once endangered.

Now if the strong wave of popular favor, upon whose crest the organization idea has swept over the entire country, so engulfs women that they yield themselves too unreservedly to its influence, they, their homes, their highest work in the economy of nature, will be affected by it, and a movement with great possibilities for good will be so misdirected that it will become absolutely an evil. Women are naturally more enthusiastic than men; they give themselves with less reserve than men to any project they may espouse, and so are more apt to be absorbed in a new work to the exclusion of other claims. It may be stated without hesitation that this danger is threatening them to-day.

Every woman owes first to her own home her best and most faithful service; next she owes it to her church, next to her own social circle, and next to her community at large. It is best for her, best for her husband and children, that her interests be broad and catholic; but not that outside interests absorb too large a share of her at-



Mrs. W. J. Crawford—President of "The Thackeray."

tention. To-day, with the crowding and multiplying claims which clamor for attention in lives of American women, it is evident that they are living at fever heat. They pass through the days panting, breathless; so many engagements, each one encroaching upon another, so many self-imposed duties, so many vitality sapping nothings demanding their time.

No woman has a right to bring to her home a devitalized personality. She has no right to bestow her best elsewhere and bring to her home, her husband and children, the wearied and exhausted personality which is left. She has no right to enter upon a slavery self-imposed, and to rush through her days pursued by an accusing conscience, and a list of promised services to those outside her home which it is an aggravation of the spirit to fulfill.

There can be no doubt that, aside from the question of right, duty and expediency, the matter has another aspect—the physical. Women are going forward on the path of life at a dangerous pace. They are living under a fearful strain, and, sooner or later, there must be a rebound. Nature is an exacting and jealous taskmaster, and sooner

or later the sins done in and to the body must be atoned for. There will come a day of payment, and the debts of nature must be met. The improvement in the physical life of woman is not sufficient to balance the account, and she will, in many cases, find herself bankrupt. She will find that after overwork will come a great reaction, and this reaction will manifest itself in a wide-spread nervous prostration, resulting in children, nervous, super-sensitive, lacking in moral force and physical stamina.

As a result of the present crowding of life there is not time for the cultivation of old-fashioned and priceless friendships. The companionship, even in family life, is, to a certain extent, sacrificed because each individual is engrossed in personal pursuits. The old-time entertaining which provided so fine a school of social ethics and customs has been largely curtailed, and children are not nearly so much as, in the past, trained into life-time friendships with their parents and their own associates. To-day cousins in large family circles

scarcely know each other, and in the decadence of informal and affectionate relations as a feature of social life may be traced the influence of a hurried commercial age as well as the tendency to curtail home life and expend both energy and time upon organizations.

Then, after all is said, what should be the watchword of the day to women?

It should be moderation, progression along conservative lines, development in gradual and ever widening circles, until the outermost of all shall compass that highest manifestation of life, that perfect flower of humanity, a noble woman, faithful wife, mother, friend.

As already stated it has been claimed that "America is woman's Paradise." Then let the American woman be warned in time. Let her not partake too greedily of the fruit of the so-called tree of knowledge, lest in tears and ashes and sackcloth she be driven from the gates of her Eden, carrying within her heart a heavier burden than that borne by the first woman. Let her not seek to gratify an unreasoning ambition. By this sin fell the angels.

## POEMS BY FORREST CRISSEY.

### THE LOVING CUP.

TWO baby lips, of Cupid's bow design;  
Two sparkling eyes, of heaven's fairest blue;  
Pledging my truest love, I quaff their wine,  
Then pass this loving cup, dear wife, to you.

### COMMON THINGS.

SING me the song of Earth's most common things:  
The wheat-bird showering from his tiny wings  
Whirlwinds of dust from out the road's gray bed;  
Seed-crafts that sail from ripened thistle head;  
The phantasies of Autumn frost and fog;  
The secret of the pasture's plushy bog—  
The thousand signs that greet the loving eye,  
That misses naught of beauty 'neath the sky.

## THE PRISONER RELEASED.

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON.

I WAS the man's soul. The man was stronger, taller than other men. His passions were colder and fiercer than theirs. His adorations, his hates, his revenges, were swifter, more absolute, more deliberate. His brain was more self-possessed, more potential. If he had become conscious of me—if he had allied his unique intellectual and physical force to me—this man could have inaugurated an epoch, have dominated an age, for I was greater than the souls of common men. But he was content to merely influence some lesser life malignly—to send some lesser fool than himself to a premature hell of memory—to drink deeply as the gods overnight, and to quote Omar Khayyâm to his mirror the next morning.

If he had once said: "I will for one day at least act as if I had a soul," I could have met him half-way, and together we would have mastered mankind and have discovered to it one of the gate-ways of infinity. Such a gate-way as the fierce Florentine beckons from; such a gate-way as an Emperor of France died before the closed doors of. But he never did this. He insulted me, he ignored me, and at last he denied me altogether, and I dwelt apart in durance, and judged the man, and awaited his punishment.

Since he did not choose to recognize me it was improbable that other people would, other people more or less pre-occupied with their own destruction of pleasure, and their own quotation from Omar Khayyâm. But one day a woman looked into his eyes and knew me. She spoke to me. She trusted me. She put by the audacities, the brutalities, the insincerities, the perversities of the man as if they had not been. She baffled, bewildered, fascinated him, and at last he married her because he could not understand her, and because he thought it would be interesting to solve her at an infinite

leisure. As for the woman, she married under a misapprehension. She did not understand that I had to do with the man only as a prisoner has to do with prison and jailer. I could, indeed, sometimes look from his eyes as a captive may look from a cell window; but I could not speak to her, I could not touch her, I could not in any way impart to her the truth—that the man was not more impotent for greatness without me than I for action without him; that the hour when we might have allied influences was irrevocably past, and that I, with my kinship to the invincible and eternal sovereign forces, was powerless to do more than silently await the day that should turn the key in the lock of the man's useless life.

Having married her, the man was cruel to her. It was inevitable that she should baffle and irritate him more and fascinate him less now that she belonged to him. The cruelty at first was experimental, artistic, accented with kisses on her reproachful eyes and pathetic lips. Later it was insidious, devilish; but it could not drive the love out of her eyes when she looked at me. The man considered that look. He knew that it was not for anything he had been to her—that it was in spite of everything he had been to her—that she looked in his eyes with love. He had long before willed that I should die in my dungeon; he had long before ceased to be aware that I had not died. He never thought of me.

"Will you tell me why you love me?" he said to her one day. "Will you tell me why you married me?"

The woman was a mere child. How should she have put her divine instinct of me into anything but childish words? I looked at her and she lifted her face as a flower to my look.

"I love you for what is best in you," she said. "I married you because whatever is best in you loves me."

The man laughed. It was the first time he had ever chanced upon a question whose answer gave anything like a key to his enigma.

"But suppose I haven't any best in me?" he said.

She was still lifting her eyes to me. I made all reply to this so needless that she only rested against his heart for a moment, as if it had been the haven she should have had. He laughed again, and kissed her appreciatively. She might be a fool, and an enigma, and his wife—she was also a beautiful woman.

But the man reflected upon this speech of the woman's, as he sat alone that evening over his wine. He learned from it that no more than other men had he with his stronger will been able to destroy a soul. And she had dared to discover the thing he had hidden away, to exalt the thing he would have debased. He sat drinking later than usual. When he went back to her she stood leaning against the mantelshelf, her cheek against her fragile wrists. The wide, white sleeves of her dressing-gown had slipped back from her arms, showing their kissable fairness. The man pressed his lips to them twenty times before he caught them cruelly. She whitened to the throat; but she stood as quietly as if he were still kissing them.

"You seem to like it," he murmured in her ear.

"What difference does it make?" she said. "Do you think that I care? If you hurt my body until it died I would not care. It is not that that I mind."

He held her somewhat less roughly as he put the next question.

"But suppose I could hurt your soul until it died?" he said, "suppose I don't choose you to be better than I am? Suppose I choose you to love me for the evil that is in me? Suppose I consciously hate the thing which you term the best in me?"

He drew her toward him with strong hands, and forced her to meet his eyes. For the first time she understood that I was impotent and captive, and that I craved bitterly for freedom. "Well," said the man, "suppose all this?"

She wrenched herself free from him and sat down by the fire.

"Suppose all this?" said the man, standing over her with arrogant careless eyes and cruel lips. She did not answer. Presently he began to caress her; but she did not look up or move. The man smiled, and, going into the next room, flung himself on the bed, where he soon slept quietly.

As he stood before the glass next morning, brushing the water of the bath from his strong, curling hair, he became aware that I looked back at him, that I judged him, and that I loved her. His clear-cut white face menaced and defied me.

"You can do nothing," he said aloud, "she is mine. I will do with her as I choose. She shall like what I like. She shall drink from any cup it is my pleasure to lift to her lips, and enjoy the draught. She shall go lower than I because she is a woman. When I have had my will I shall not kiss her any more, and her heart will break. You can do nothing. She cannot escape me."

"She can die," I thought, and the man knew of the thought. He broke out laughing. His long, somewhat pointed teeth showed slightly as he laughed.

"The point I make," he remarked, "is that she will not want to die—until I have broken her heart. She will like to live."

"She acknowledges her soul," I thought; "the life of her soul has always been her life. Her soul will not give her up to you."

"Her soul," he said lightly, "a woman's soul. You are my soul. What have you been able to do against me?"

"Against you, nothing. With you I had been invincible, as with her, hers is invincible. What an impotent fool you are after all," I considered critically.

The man's face grew dark. The yellow irises of his large eyes spread ominously. For a moment it was as if a fierce gleam of sunlight darted like lightning across the black day of his face. Then he deliberately broke the mirror with a blow of his open hand, and walked out of the room.

But I was right about the woman. Now that she fully realized the truth, the man had no more essential power over her than I had over him. He could treat her as he would have treated a dog that disobeyed him; but he could do no more, and he knew that this was nothing to her—that she put incredible insult and long pain by as if they were not worthy one cry from her white lips, one recognition from her clear eyes; that she absolutely did not care—that one look from me meant so supremely more to her that she absolutely did not care.

One night, coming in late from some eccentric *saturnalia*, he lingered alone in the first room of the suite which they occupied, brooding over this woman whom he could not conquer—brooding over her calm knowledge of his defeat.

Impotent rage at me, impotent jealousy of me, burrowed cancerous roots in his heart and brain. As he brooded, he drank the wine that stood on the table at his side. After a long time he thrust his hands in his pockets and rose. His brain was perfectly clear; but the wine made him walk with conscious carefulness as he made his way to the fourth and last room of the suite.

The woman lay back in a reclining chair, her arms resting above her head. Her eyes turned quietly to him as he approached her. The white woolen gown slipped back from the throat and arms. Her unconfined hair lay fallen upon her as the evening shadow upon the white sky in the East. He saw a dark bruise on the soft upper arm nearest him, which his fingers had left there that morning.

Suddenly he knelt down by her with his arms around her, and his lips to the bruise. She had not flinched in the morning; but she quivered from his caress. The man noted this lucidly. It suggested to him more subtle complexities of coercion and punishment.

"Kiss me," he cried.

She put her lips against his open, uplifted eyes. But the kiss was for me, and the man knew it.

"On the lips," he said imperiously.

She did not move, and he forced her face down until her lips lay passively against his own.

"Kiss me," he whispered.

"I will never kiss you again," she whispered back.

The man bruised her with his lips, then, letting her go, flung himself back on the rug at her feet, for he felt suddenly drowsy with the wine and the fire.

For a little he looked vaguely at the woman who leaned forward, gazing into his eyes. Then he slept as heavily as he had drunken. As he slept I was awake and cognizant through the darkness of every heart-beat of the woman's. It struck three in the morning as I became aware of a red shadow between the man's eyelids. As this wavered back to blackness and grew again, the woman arose and went through the rooms to the outer room. As she returned I could discover that she paused a moment in each room, and that in the door of the last she turned a key and drew it from its place. Then she slid a window up, and I heard the key drop to the pavement six stories below. It rang like silver on the stone in the stillness of the hours before dawn. As the sound died away a fierce breath of heat was sucked into the room and the clang of the fire-bells began. The woman left the window and sank down in her chair again. It seemed long before the man stirred and awoke. The fire had started below, and as he got to his feet a serpent of flame twisted upward, and writhed through the open window.

"This place is a death trap," he muttered, "but after all we should get out easily. It can only have just begun."

He caught up a heavy black wrap from the bed and drenched it with water from the carafe.

"Stand up," he said.

She rose tranquilly, and he put it around her, covering her beautiful long hair with deliberate care. Then he drew her against his side. As they reached the door the flame had crawled across the room to the hangings of the bed, and the black suffocation



of the smoke rolled in their faces. When the man found the door locked he cursed, and, still holding the woman, set his shoulder to it. But it was only after he let her go and hurled himself against the panels that the fastenings gave way. He drew her to him again and darted across the next room. The fire followed them. When the second lock also resisted, he flung the woman from him with subtle understanding. As he forced that one he looked across and saw that a spiral of smoke curled through the keyhole of the opposite door, and that flame crept beneath it. He turned slowly to the woman. Her calm mysterious eyes looked at me in peaceful triumph, as he clutched her shoulders and heard the roof crash in the far room. He drew her down beside him on a divan of strange Eastern tapestries, flinging from her the wet, black drapery. She was smiling as she lay back among the silken cushions. The one her head rested on had a device of golden dragons. All this detail of life was distinct in the red light of death beating in at the window.

"What a devil you are," said the man, leaning over her. But I looked at her knowing how soon I would be free of my prison, knowing that her hand had turned the key in its door, knowing that at last we would be together.

"Why did you do this?" said the man. "There were easier ways."

"But this way came first," she said.

The man knew that she had triumphed over him, and that he was routed and consigned to an ignoble death; knew that in a short time I should be all and he should forever be nothing. Such knowledges are distinct to men by such a light as beat into the room that night. Even as he realized all this, he realized, too, that the woman had never looked more beautiful than with her black hair and expectant face pillowed upon the device of golden dragons. He kissed her. It was characteristic of the man that he kissed her with pleasure even then.

As he touched her lips he thought of a pistol in a cabinet above their heads. He was not a coward, but to die by fire is not a pleasant thing, and he was glad to think of the pistol. Kneeling on the divan, he reached up and took it.

"This will be quicker," he said.

It was also characteristic of the man that he took this first inevitable thing of his life with perfect self-possession and quietude. He examined the barrel as he spoke. It contained but one load. I have said that the man had supreme resources of will. He was young and strong and evil, and he loved to live. It must have been difficult for him to have adjusted himself without even a physical tremor to this idea of immediate and painful death which should presently conquer him as he had willed to conquer; and though his will had accomplished this, he had been glad to think of the pistol. When he discovered that there was but one bullet, he laid the weapon down with a steady hand, and sank back by the woman.

"We need not go for a little," he said softly. "I've been a dog to you; but it seems to me that we are about even. You might kiss me good-by."

She looked at him with a kindred appreciation of his absolute courage. She put her arms around him and kissed him for that. The man clung to her for the one moment of hell that ever came to him. In it the torches of unrevokable death revealed to him the supremacy of the power that had been his in the life he had chosen not to live, and the supremacy of the woman's kinship to the man he had chosen not to be. Then the fierce heat enveloped them. The smoke following a turn of the wind blinded them. His hand groped for the pistol and put it to her heart in the red dark.

He did not die so easily. The sun had risen before I was free to find her where she waited. But as we went away I thought of the man, and of how we would have been great together.

## A BOX OF OLD PAPERS.

BY VIRGINIA DARE.

THERE is an Eastern tradition that the Almighty, at the creation, let slip the bag containing the rocks which He was in the act of distributing throughout the earth, and that all of them fell upon the soil of Montenegro. Travelers amongst the outlying spurs of the Blue Ridge, in Virginia, will wholly discredit this legend. In the narrow, picturesque valleys which lie under the shadow of "Crawford's Knob," the "Three Ridges," and "Humpback," the road sometimes lies for a hundred feet upon the surface of a solid rock, and at others it crosses and recrosses the rocky bed of shallow rivers, which bring uncomfortable recollections of Berlin cobble-stone pavements. No railway penetrates these narrow valleys, and the traveler who would see anything of them must perforce trust himself to the rocky highways. He will be rewarded, however, by exquisite views, and if he wishes to spend the night, or even a week, he will be entertained without money and without price, provided he can make himself agreeable to his host.

At intervals of a mile or more apart he will find old-fashioned, substantial-looking brick houses, standing in large groves, the majority of which are occupied by tenants of the humblest class, the owners having moved nearer to the railways. But in the days "before the war" these were the houses of wealthy, educated, landed proprietors, the bottom lands along the narrow rivers being famed for growing some of the finest tobacco of this tobacco-growing State. Occasionally the owners, too old to emigrate willingly to more accessible regions, still remain on their ancestral acres; and in their houses the traveler will find himself rewarded for the joltings of the journey, if he has a taste for old papers, old pieces of furniture, and stories of old times.

It was my good fortune, some time since, to spend a week in one of these

old-fashioned houses, under the shadow of "The Pilot," where the lazy sun, even in summer, does not show his head above the pointed crest until seven in the morning. It was my further good fortune to have placed at my disposal a box of family papers, which had come into my host's possession as executor for a bachelor member of a collateral branch of his family. This box contained the records of more than a century—letters, accounts, and a few printed papers; some yellow with age, tied in neat bundles, others tossed into an old pillow-case in careless confusion. Strung on a home-made flax thread, to which the rusty needle yet hung, were sheets of paper filled with accounts of purchases made in the last quarter of the eighteenth century; and an old account book, bound in coarse, gray pasteboard, had many curious items, covering a space of twenty-two years. "James W—, his book, September the thirteen, one thousand seven hundred and seventy" is written on the back in a childish hand, while in the following pages the writing becomes firm, regular and full of character. It is possible to gain from them a very fair idea of Virginia plantation life at that period.

James W. was evidently a man of large affairs. There are commission merchants' accounts of sales of tobacco; accounts with his overseer; the debts due his blacksmith shop and his mill, and those for the use of his teams and teamsters in hauling long distances—to Richmond and Scottsville—the great waterways of the State. The spelling is occasionally a little erratic, but the neatness and clearness of the accounts and the writing give a very favorable impression as to character.

In 1781 there are such entries as these: "To weaving eighteen yards of Cloth at 6 pence, 9 shillings; to Spinning two Dozen thread and finding Hemp, 4 shillings;" in 1785 "to two Pair Calamanco Shoes, 16 shillings; to

one Pair Leather Breeches, £1, 8 shillings." Pins were bought by the pound, for in 1791 is the item "to one-half pound Pinns, 4 shillings, 6 pence." "One Bed" came as high as £10, and some of the things are paid for in "Doubleloons" and "Half Johannes," showing that Spanish money was in circulation.

There are various entries of purchases for "the girls, my sisters"—for Polly, Peggy, Barbara, Jinney and Betsey, the old-fashioned names of the last century. Having stood by Barbara's grave not long before, while an aged granddaughter was being placed by her side to sleep until the resurrection, the entries in her name have a special interest, and fancy runs riot in trying to picture her. Was she dark or fair, this Mistress Barbara; was she, perhaps, a second Diana of the chase, like that tallest and youngest of her great granddaughters, who tells an amusing story about "treeing" and shooting a "possum" half way up the Pilot's wooded slope?

Vain are these questionings of the past; there are none living who can remember; our host—one of her grandsons—saw her only as a small boy, though seventy years have bleached his hair. Perhaps she witched the world—or her little section of it—with noble horsemanship, for in 1789 the accounts have entries of bridles at 7 shillings, 6 pence, "for Barbara and Jane," and saddle cloths at 10 shillings each. Naught can be learned of the romance of her life; it brought with it wifehood and motherhood, previous to the close of the century, for her little well-thumbed Bible—one of the now valuable Aitken edition of 1781—records on its title page that her "first son" was born in 1795. There came no other sons, and ere many years Barbara was a well-dowered widow, for the coarse yarn string holds papers pertaining to the estate of her husband, George M—. Came lovers a-wooing to the fair widow? If so, she said them nay, for she did not wed again, but lived to see her children's children, and died some time in the thirties.

The entries on "Jinney's" account

are numerous, and we fear she must have been extravagant. In 1790 there is an item of purchases for her in Richmond to the extent of £8, 3 shillings, 5 pence; and two lines further £1, 19 shillings, 8 pence. No doubt she rued it in her old age, for in a letter from her to a nephew, written in the fifties, in fine, microscopic handwriting, she begs him to collect for her some money due, as she "stands in need of it." She was then no longer mistress of the handsome, old house far up the valley, though they brought her back after death, and buried her in the corner of her garden, where her children lie around her. We drove up the beautiful valley to her unmarked grave, and the thick walls of the house to which her bridegroom carried her at the close of the century, stand firm, as if built yesterday; but the roof is moss-grown, and the steps from the portico, down to the tall box hedges, are rotting away, the house being now occupied by humble tenants. *O Tempora! O Mores!*

Of Peggy the accounts show that in 1793 she wore shoe buckles at 2 shillings, 6 pence, and silk gloves at 6 shillings, 8 pence. In 1791 there are such mysterious entries as 6 yards "Hum-hums" for Betsey at £1, 16 shillings; 9 yards of "Wildbore" at £2, 18 shillings. Calicoes were high in those days, for on July 10, 1786, 10 yards cost £3, though in 1791 it had dropped to £2, 16 shillings for 14 yards, while 25 yards "Linnen," bought in Richmond in 1790, cost only £2, 16 shillings, 3 pence.

Tradition has little to say of Peggy, who married a cousin in Tennessee, where her oldest son represented his county in the State Senate far back in the thirties, and then ran for governor; but of Betsey, it is related that on meeting a bear in the road, she killed him with a fence rail.

The accounts show that "the girls" must have rustled in brave attire when they went to "meeting" in the little brick church, to which we made a pilgrimage, and where their father lies buried in the churchyard. The brick enclosure to his grave, erected about the close of the Revolution, has been almost entirely destroyed, and out of the center

a huge pokeberry bush grew rank from the mould below. The one tangible evidence of his existence seems to be a curious steel spectacle-case, opening at the end, which lies in the box, with the inventory of his effects, "returned and ordered to be recorded at a court held for Amherst county, the second day of June, 1783." The inventory, filling eight pages of very long and broad paper, is beautifully written, though the scribe has paid more attention to the neatness of his chirography, and the accuracy of his punctuation and figures, than to the correctness of his orthography; evidently a spelling bee, had such things been the fashion of that day in that portion of the Old Dominion, would, like the jaw-bone of Samson's ass, have slain its thousands.

The sum total of this inventory runs up into the hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling, but the amount seems much less imposing when looking on another sheet, which contains the statement that the executor "had laid out a quantity of paper money belonging to the estate of Samuel W—, deceased, in land warrants in Kentucky, for the advantage of the estate, as the paper money which he had received was at 1,000 for 5." Such are apparently the figures, yet they are somewhat indistinct, but as an English officer in Maryland, in 1779, paid a hotel bill of £732 paper money with 4½ guineas in gold, they are probably given correctly.

Three of the eighteen horses in the inventory are valued at the astonishing price of £3,500 each, being blooded, possibly, since the box holds another paper, signed by the grandsons of the deceased in 1834, giving the pedigree of a mare of noted stock, sold by them in Kentucky, as "taken from the note book of our father of the pedigree of his horses in 1797."

For the eighteen slaves of the inventory, prices range from £10,000 for "Mingo," to £5,000 for "Negro Stiller Tom," and £2,000 for "Fool Tom." The subsequent collapse in prices is shown by the fact that in 1786 the latter brought the very small sum of £6, while "Negroe Honour" brought only £101.

Among the items which would now be prized by curio hunters are: "One Delf Bole, five pewter dishes and fifteen plates, one horn tumbler, one Pewter pint Pott and some Crockley Ware, one Sun Diall and some old Brass, one Flax Wheel." It will be noticed that the word "tumbler" was already in use, although a recently published paragraph calls the word new in the beginning of this century.

A sword, spurs, cane, pistols and guns, are also on the list, so that it is possible the good man was a soldier.

The "plantation" was evidently a little world in itself. There were a "loom and furniture," a "still-worm and all the still vessels," "boring bits and other things for gun work;" there were bee-hives, stacks of flax, oats, rye, wheat, corn, fodder and hay, hogs-heads of tobacco and whiskey—they were high livers and deep drinkers, those old Virginians—and many head of cattle, sheep and lambs.

Two bed ticks, feathers, and furniture for one bed, were valued at £1,000, and further on is the entry: Two beds and furniture and bedsteads, at £1,800. These were doubtless funereal "four-posters," heavily carved in mahogany, with valance and tester, and steps to mount up to them, such as are still to be seen, curtailed of height and steps, in many country houses in Virginia.

The appraisers catalogued things with fine impartiality, just as they came to them, one pair of Woman's "Steas" being yoked in with "one bottle and some yarn." It may possibly require an imaginative mind to find anything pathetic in an inventory, but these "Steas" and "One Desk and Woman's Cloak," mentioned further on, were possibly the relics of the dead wife and mother, of whom there is no mention in any of the papers.

The executor evidently found the management of the estate so profitable that he was loath to give it up. There is a note in an old note book in the box showing that in 1821—nearly forty years later—a day was appointed for him to settle his accounts with "Commissioner Clark," in Staunton, and "Peggy" wrote from Tennessee

in 1834, when an old woman, asking her nephew to sue the executor's estate.

The box holds sundry treasures for the autograph collector, in the shape of old parchments signed by early governors of Virginia. The oldest is a grant of one hundred and sixty-six acres from "GEORGE the Second, by the grace of God of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc. . . . in consideration of the sum of *Twenty Shillings* of good and Lawful Money, for our use paid to our Receiver General of our revenues in this our Colony and Dominion of Virginia. . . . *To be held* of us our Heirs and Successors, as of our Mannor of East Greenwich, in the County of Kent, in free and Common soccage, and not in Capite or by Knight's service. *Yielding* for every fifty Acres of Land the Fee Rent of one Shilling yearly to be paid upon the Feast of Saint Michael, the Arch Angel, and also cultivating and improving three Acres part of every fifty of the Tract above mentioned within three Years after the Date of these presents," failure to pay incurring forfeiture. "These our Letters Patent" are witnessed by "our trusty and well-beloved William Gooch, Esqour, Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of our said Colony and Dominion at Williamsburgh. Under the Seal of the said Colony the Thirtieth Day of March, One thousand seven hundred and forty-three. In the Sixteenth Year of our Reign."

This parchment sheet is nearly ten by twenty inches, and is a model specimen of the penmanship of the earlier half of the eighteenth century. A great contrast to it, but equally important-looking is a document lying near it. It is a pardon for participation in "the late rebellion." Signed "by the President, Andrew Johnson" and "Will H. Seward, Secretary of State," and it bears an impression of the great seal of the United States. It was issued to another James W., son of the account-keeper, who, though too old to bear arms for the Confederacy, was one of those who, being worth

over \$12,000 at the close of the war, came within the limitations of the law requiring a pardon.

As late as 1823, pounds, shillings and pence were still current in this remote district, for there is a bill for blacksmith's work to the amount of thirty odd pounds in that year. Dollars and cents, however, were legal tender then in the Capital, for there are printed receipts from the publisher of the "Virginia Patriot," and the "Richmond Mercantile Advertiser," dated 1820, ten dollars for two years' subscription.

The box holds another inventory—that of Dr. John W., taken in 1829. Prices of slaves ranged then from \$75 to \$350, and those for horses from \$30 for a colt to \$75 for full-grown steeds. The "*Mahogna* Side Board" is valued at \$80, and the medical library at \$250. It is pleasant to find that Dr. John indulged in such mental pabulum as Plutarch's Lives in eight volumes; Johnson's works in twelve volumes; Shakspere in eight volumes; Pope and Horace, Dr. Franklin, etc. For lighter literature he had Scott in four volumes; the Vicar of Wakefield, Cooper, "Charlotte Temple," etc.—the old-time works still to be found in the old houses.

The family representatives in 1839 were probably warm politicians, for they have preserved a small, double, printed sheet of that year, an address to "the People of Albemarle" by their representatives in the General Assembly. From it can be gathered that one of the problems for discussion then, as well as more recently, was a "Force Bill," and the "Assembly stood: Whigs 81, Administration 68, Conservatives 17." One of the signers, Thomas W. Gilmer, was later Governor of Virginia and Secretary of the Navy. It was while acting in the latter capacity that he was killed by the bursting of a gun on board of the Princeton, on the Potomac river in 1844.

Many items relating to slavery can be gathered from these old papers. A slave's hire, in general, seems to have been about fifty dollars a year, except



for artisans of unusual skill. The following note seems to have been written by one who had been hired out as nurse, and it casts a light upon the kindly relationship between master and slave in general. It runs thus:

Master will you be kind enough to send a boy with a horse to the mountain top for me on next Wednesday week, the day after Christmas. Please give my love to all at home, and please tell Margaret Miss Elvira is very low, and will not recover. Yours respectfully,  
BETTIE C.

In October, 1864, the Confederacy evidently impressed slaves to work on fortifications, for there is a receipt for "Boss, valued at \$6,500, and George at \$8,000," taken by an enrolling officer for that purpose. There is no evidence that the former was sent back, but there is a "Pass," printed on brown paper—names and date filled in with pen—from the "Engineer Department, D. N. V., Richmond, December 23, 1864," by which "The bearer, George, slave to James W., is discharged from this department. . . . Pass him to his owner."

The Confederate States provided for the families of their defenders, for the box contains a certificate to the effect that on December 1, 1864, an officer of the government had "impressed of James W. all of his surplus corn, supposed to be 400 bushels, at schedule price, for the use of Soldiers' Families in District No. 4." There is another order to the same effect also of March 11, 1864, and Mr. W. is notified that he is held "strictly responsible" for that surplus until delivered.

The box holds a Confederate Almanac of 1863—Richardson's—which may possibly be unique of its kind. It contains a full list of the officers of the Confederate States, and those of Virginia and North Carolina, and the anniversaries which it celebrates are such as: "January 9th, Florida and Mississippi seceded, 1861." Its one poem, "The Southern Mother's Charge," thus exhorts her sons on the battle-field:

Mid its fiercest conflicts never yield,  
Till death shall lay you low.

Its receipts comprise one for making tallow candles—who that lived in those days of trial does not remember those dreadful tallow candles!—in which it is recommended that one pound of quicklime be added to every twenty pounds of tallow, to produce a "candle equal to the adamant of the North." A receipt for "Good Custard for the Times," assures the reader that when once tried, it will be used again, "especially when molasses gets down to a more reasonable price."

The store accounts for 1864 contain such items as ten yards of calico at \$12 per yard in September, while in October a paper of pins cost \$5, and one of hairpins \$4.

Some of the war letters are of an interesting nature; a soldier tenant of Mr. W— writes a stirring but ill-spelt account of fights in Culpepper county, in one of which "the bits were nearly knocked out of my horse's mouth by a ball." Far the best of them is from a woman, who writes that her husband "has gone off to guard the road to Monticello," and that "our poor brother Hugh died on board a steamboat, a prisoner of war."

History in this case repeats itself, for the road to Monticello, Jefferson's home, had to be guarded when Tarleton made his famous raid, and came so near capturing Mr. Jefferson.

Amid all this mass of accounts and logic the hand at last reaches its one romantic document—the little leaven which leaveneth the whole lump, the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin: it is a love letter, which, from its ten-cent stamp to its indifferent paper and coarse envelope, bears witness to its Confederate origin. Written in 1864 to "Dear Eleanora"—three times underscored—it deplores that, the command of the writer having been ordered to Newmarket, he could not get to see her. It is signed "Your devoted Lover, Harrison D."

Eleanora, upon inquiry, proves to be still living, an old maid who wears high-kilted skirts and a man's hat. It is to be feared that Harrison was either killed in battle, or like the knight in the old ballad, he loved and rode away.

## NINITA.

BY ANNE BOZEMAN LYON.

DOWN where Monsieur Moret sold slaves, the heat was burning; it fell in lines that pierced the eyes and made the brain reel as the stiflingly sweet odor of bitter almonds gushed from the rose-hued blossoms of an oleander across the street. But the negroes in the yard did not feel its intensity. With careless mirth they sang aloud as one among them twanged a banjo. The chords swept up from the strings had in their resonance a pulse of pain—the apathy, the passion, the world-old enslavement of the East thrilled the lithe, black hand striking the melody.

Suddenly the music ceased, and Moret entered, bringing with him a man and woman—master and slave.

She dropped her *rebozo* from her head, and turned her face to Moret; a beautiful, dark face, with large, somber eyes. Her black hair, falling below her knees in two heavy braids, had not a ripple in its glossy length, and her features were as clean cut as a European's.

Her companion said to Moret in French:

"I have this woman to sell; the people say thou dost give good prices."

"So I do," Moret replied, scrutinizing her shrunken figure.

"Then—what dost thou give for this—?"

The stranger waved his hand outward with a magnificent gesture of scorn.

"Five hundred dollars."

Looking in surprise at the slave dealer, the man exclaimed;

"Too little! She can work—this one—holy Jesu, what work she does. Give me one thousand dollars, and I sell her quick."

"No; it is too much thou wouldst ask. What work can she do? She looks too weak to pluck even one Celeste fig. For me, I buy slaves who are strong, who are fat."

"She has been ill. When she is well she will show what work she does."

"Thou wouldst make an April fish of me—eh-h, *mon ami*, I give five hundred dollars—no more."

Moret spoke firmly, although he turned to look at the woman as she stood dazed by the jabbering of the negroes about her. Truly she was beautiful, but so haggard, and her eyes were as if scalded by much weeping.

"Five hundred" repeated her owner, "I take it, nevertheless she is worth more, and thou dost get her cheap."

"Come," Moret said, turning from the degradation of the human creatures gathered for sale and ushering the Spaniard into his house.

As they left her a nameless horror struck upon her, and she divined what it was they were doing. Mother of Christ! she was a slave now, and the two were haggling for her as they would have haggled for horses or cows. Selling her? Why, she was his wife, Domingo Ardoyno's wife, and he was the richest man in Santa Monica down on the border of Texas and Mexico. But he was cruel, cruel, and often beat her as he beat his dogs—she who was Ninita Vidal before her marriage, and knew nothing of blows, and now, *Dios!*

Here Domingo returned holding a bag of gold, yet she made no comment at the actual proof of her bondage. The iron was too deep in her poor, hurt soul for entreaties to escape her.

Pausing beside her, he said to Moret:

"Thou shouldst beat her when she is like this; *Por Dios*, she knows well what blows are."

Without waiting for a reply he left her, the wife he had sold with a lie on his lips. He loved another woman; and love excused all crimes.

The sunlight continued to fall with fiery force in that miserable place, but Ninita remained mute. Again

the vibrance of the banjo and chorus of rich voices clashed and blended in a sullen sound of dormant passion; still she did not stir until Moret approached her.

"Sit under this tree where it is cool," he said, with a pitying glance at her bare feet and the soiled maize-colored satin gown she wore.

She lifted her eyes with the look of one who was drunk, whereat he thought her stupid from too much *mescal*, and ordered food and drink for her. Failing to comprehend him, she murmured something in Spanish; a language he hated. Bah! the Spaniards were *canaille*, whom his people had despised since the coming of Ulloa to New Orleans, and here in Mobile he hated them still. True, that young soldier Bernardo de Galvez had wrested Mobile from the English; but that was nothing, no reason why he, Moret, should learn their tongue. *Dieu*, he was glad he had overreached that grasping dog of a grandee, and had gotten the woman cheap. Though even now, shadow that she was, she was worth the thousand asked for her, and Moret chuckled as he left her and went to his dinner.

Ninita sank to the ground under the fig tree, whose foliage was already browned by the heat, and the fruit was dropping from it in sugary richness. She ate nothing, but drank thirstily of the water as she crouched against the black trunk.

Sitting there she thought it strange that God should let Domingo do this terrible thing when she had a baby; a tiny, soft creature that nestled in her bosom and placed its dimpled fingers on her cheek when they lay down to rest. He needed her—her pretty baby—who would know no more of tender mother-love since she was a slave to be sold among those semi-barbarians over yonder in the burning sun.

They were content so long as they had food and could strike rhythmic melodies from their banjos; they had no thought beyond their animal needs, those negroes, and for her—no drop of African blood flowed in her body. She was a Mexican woman from Santa Monica; a quaint old mission where

the *padre* held service in a crumbling adobe chapel, and where the folk were simple and full of the goodness God implants in every heart. Yes, they were good where she had lived her brief years; that is, all save Domingo and the *senorita* whom he loved. But she was so beautiful, with hair the color of copper and skin as white as the marble of which the Virgin Mother's image was made. So it was no wonder Domingo loved her, since she, Ninita, was dark, like all the women of her land.

The noises in the street grew louder, and the chattering and singing waned as the afternoon lengthened. Only a few notes of music jarred the hot air as if the player wearied of his task and was overcome with languor; then they trailed into silence—those reluctant tones—and the slaves were asleep.

The hours wore on in fervid heat. The light that had been so radiantly white became, by some subtle mutation, a misty gold. Down the long shaft of the street the west was visible, a stretch of rosy, bright-flecked clouds—their lower edges dashed with the deeper tones of the coming night. As the brilliance illumined the sordidness of the yard it touched into bronze the black skin of the negroes. A red gleam trembled athwart Ninita's brow and eyes, but she did not stir.

The after-glow darkened to purple, and the slaves awoke from their heavy repose. Ninita's supper was brought and placed beside her, though she merely changed her position and stared dully at the bearer.

The shadows gathered and struck to earth in thickened folds as the creatures about her again slept. She became more watchful and alert, even while she drew her *rebozo* up over her head. It was so still she could hear distinctly the slight rustling of the parched leaves of the fig tree under which she cowered. In the silence she could think—think—and finally she started to her feet.

By some negligence the great gate was unlocked, and in utter noiselessness she found her way into the street.

She ran on, anywhere, though night,

black and sullen, pressed close upon the land. Past houses and shops, down through St. Emanuel street, out across the Esplanade; then straight on to a narrow path until she reached the Bay road. Her breath came pantingly as she ran, and her bare feet were torn by the lance-like palmetto leaves. About her rose the pungent odor of the salt air, mingled with the fragrance of pale blossoms; the moon stole abroad from behind a cloud, and shone upon her drawn, haggard face.

All night she wandered, calling aloud for God to take her home to her baby; surely He would let her find the way, though it was long.

Even to her benumbed sensibility

the ground was more moist, and her footsteps were clogged. At each step the dampness grew greater until, *Santa Maria!* it might be she would never see the baby again. What ailed her? She thought she could see the gleam of water, could feel it about her limbs. It was water, she was sure, and it was so cold—like ice. Ah, a pace forward and a strangled cry.

The morning dawned as serene as the first great day in Paradise, but a pitiful life was done. Only, in Santa Monica a baby wailed for its mother; and the old *padre* knelt in the adobe chapel praying for the dear Christ to watch over Ninita, who had always been to him as his own child.

## THE LYRIC POET OF AMERICA.

BY JAMES L. ONDERDONK.

THE publication of a new and definitive edition of Poe's works is an important event in our literature. So-called "complete editions" of this writer have been published before, but none that in accuracy, completeness or judicious editing can equal the one now appearing under the supervision of Messrs. Edmund Clarence Stedman and George Woodberry. The two editors bring to bear ideal requirements for such a task. Not that any new information of importance is contained in Mr. Woodberry's sketch of the poet prefixed to the first volume. Probably all that will ever be known with certainty about Poe had already been published. Mr. Woodberry's previously written biography is as clear and judicial a statement of the erratic poet's life as is likely to appear in this generation. Readers of to-day require, above all things, truth and candor on the part of a biographer, regardless of personal sympathies or prejudices. Such a biographer Mr. Woodberry has proved himself to be. Mr. Stedman, as a critic of Poe's genius, also appears in a familiar rôle, though

hitherto his essays upon that topic have had reference to Poe as a poet rather than romancer. Few will dispute Mr. Stedman's assertion concerning "*Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*," that "taken together they are the fullest exhibit of their author's genius, if not the highest." As might have been expected from our foremost living man of letters, the criticism of Poe as a romancer is discriminating and exhaustive. Yet, after all, it is as a poet that Poe is steadily gaining in popular favor, however much critics may contend as to the comparative merits of his prose and verse.

If the true characteristic of lyric, as distinguished from epic poetry, lies in its subjectivity, Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849) was unquestionably our greatest lyric poet. Even in his unsuccessful narrative poems, "*Al Aaraaf*," and "*Tamerlane*," and in his still more unsuccessful dramatic effort, "*Politian*," he finds it impossible to repress his individual feelings and emotions. But it is not with such experiments that the fame of Poe is to be associated.

Like Coleridge before him and Bryant contemporaneously with him, he expressed his distrust of "long poems," believing about a hundred lines to be the proper extremelimit of any metrical effort. As applied to his own capabilities, Poe's theory was undoubtedly correct. In his poetry his lyric verse alone bears the stamp of true genius, and it is as a lyrist only that he is to be considered our most original poet. But even his case is not an exception to the general rule that there is no modern singer in whose verse cannot be discerned echoes of other voices.

Poe's English biographer, Mr. John H. Ingram, very properly questions the accuracy of the assertion made to Robert Browning by T. Buchanan Read, that Poe had admitted that the suggestion of "The Raven" lay wholly in a single line of Mrs. Browning. Yet Poe's admiration of this most gifted songstress is evident to one who will carefully study the verse of both. Mr. Browning's copy of Poe's poems has passed into my possession, and is especially prized because of the note written on a fly-leaf in the English poet's own hand, as follows: "Given to Mrs. Benzon, partly on account of the poetry, partly on that of the dedication at page thirty-three—with all affectionate wishes of Robert Browning, March 7, 1867." The dedication referred to is the familiar one to Mrs. Browning, then Miss Barrett, whose genius Poe was among the first to appreciate, as the Brownings were among the first Europeans who really understood Poe.

Probably no American author has been more discussed than Edgar A. Poe. His strong personality, marked individuality and manly independence, his incorruptible loyalty to his art, and the sharply defined and contrasted traits of his character, appeal at once to the student of human nature. The biographies of Poe are so numerous that the chief outlines of his life are familiar to all who have taken an intelligent interest in his works. Born in Boston, he fairly hated his native city. A Southerner by inheritance and adoption, he chose, after

reaching maturity, to cast in his lot at the North. His early dissipations, his interrupted career at the University of Virginia, his experience as a private soldier under an assumed name, and later his woful failure at the West Point Military Academy, seemed to foreshadow his utter inability to cope with the practical affairs of life. At the beginning of Poe's literary career, Bryant was the only known American poet of enduring fame. Poe lived long enough, however, to record his disdain of Longfellow and Emerson, his dislike of Whittier, and patronizing pity for Lowell. He could see no beauty in Wordsworth, and regarded Burns as an absurdly overrated poet. A sciolist in culture, he had the knack of giving to his writings the effect of profound erudition. His criticisms were superficial, frequently flippant and even spiteful, though he vastly benefited American letters in puncturing and exposing much of the shallow pretentiousness of the time that arrogated to itself the name of literature. He despised literary impostors, though himself not always superior to the artifice that he condemned in others. He early registered his protest against the tendency to make poetry a study rather than a passion; yet, if he himself is to be credited, his greatest masterpiece was the result of most deliberate and systematic study. Of an impulsive and aggressive nature, he was, in his powers of will, a weakling. Fully conscious of the strength that was in him, he was equally conscious of his fatal weakness. With a persistency that was agonizing in its desperation, he fought his arch-enemy, struggling against inherited conditions, perhaps impossible wholly to eradicate, until his wretched fate at last made him the theme for the mocking scorn of those who, in comparison with himself, were the merest intellectual pygmies.

While still in his Byronic period, not yet out of his teens, he wrote:

In visions of the dark night  
I have dreamed of joys departed,  
But a waking dream of life and light  
Hath left me broken-hearted.

It is seldom that the languishing



despair affected by verse-smitten youth so accurately foreshadows a life's horoscope.

Poe came of good stock in the old world. His grandfather, David Poe, though born in Ireland, was reared in this country, and was one of the most self-sacrificing patriots on the American side during the Revolution. David Poe, Jr., Edgar's father, seems to have been remarkable for little else than inefficiency. He abandoned the legal profession to become a nonentity on the stage. His wife, who was a native of England, evidently had some claims to histrionic ability, and it was probably from her that Edgar inherited his elocutionary talents. Both parents died during Edgar's infancy. The beautiful and gifted orphan child must have been something more than human not to be injuriously affected by the method of training pursued by his adoptive parents, from whom he took his middle name. When, by a just retribution of fate, he was thrown upon his own resources, he found himself utterly inadequate to cope with the world. Poetry had been his passion from infancy. His efforts received no encouragement, but it was impossible to stifle the voice within him. When eighteen he published at Boston his little volume, "Tamerlane and Other Poems, by a Bostonian," which, he says, was afterward suppressed "for reasons of a private nature." Two years later, on receiving some kindly words from John Neal, the first encouragement that he had yet met with, he published at Baltimore "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems." In the "Preface," which appears as "Romance" in later editions, may be found a pathetic allusion to his early life.

The charms of poetry were doubtless none the less seductive for being "forbidden things." While affecting to disregard popular opinion, the contemptuous indifference with which his efforts were received could not fail to sting. It is not difficult to fancy the bitterness that must have reigned in his proudly sensitive soul. He was without honor even in his own household. He chafed and railed at his misfortunes, and, like

many another neglected genius, sought refuge in gloom and despair. The poetical "Preface" of his 1829 volume was considerably enlarged as an "Introduction" to the edition of 1831, the added lines being afterward suppressed. There is one passage in these suppressed verses which seems like a shadow forecast by coming events:

I could not love except where Death  
Was mingling his with Beauty's breath—  
Or Hymen, Time and Destiny  
Were stalking between her and me.

One of the most striking traits about Poe is his reverence for noble womanhood. Early in youth his quick sensibilities were aroused by kindly words from the mother of one of his boy friends. The young lad, unaccustomed to appreciative notice, became at once her ardent worshiper.

Into her listening ear he would pour the story of his real or fancied wrongs, and was always certain of exciting sympathy. The death of this honored friend, under circumstances peculiarly tragical, left Edgar disconsolate. Mrs. Whitman has drawn a romantic picture of the stricken orphan lad keeping nightly vigil at the tomb of his benefactress. "When the nights were very dreary and cold, when the autumnal rains fell, and the winds wailed mournfully over the graves, he lingered longest and came away most regretfully." At this time Poe was fifteen and already accustomed to unburden his heart in verse. But it was his grief at the death of this lady, "the one, idolatrous and purely ideal love" of his boyhood, more than anything else, that enkindled the spark of his genius. It was in her memory that his early lines, "To Helen," were written. This little poem was not published until 1831, when the author was twenty-two, but was probably written some years before. It is unquestionably one of the most perfect lyrics ever penned by youthful singer. This sorrow cast its shadow far into the coming years, and inspired the poems, "The Paean," afterward developed into the impassioned dirge, "Lenore," and "Irene," subsequently entitled "The Sleeper." Henceforward the memories of the silent dead, the shadows of the

lonely tomb, were to haunt him throughout life, embodied occasionally in the fantastic imagery that distinguishes "Ulalume" and "The City of the Sea." Later, his rejection by the maiden of his choice only intensified his already morbid nature, leading him to apprehend nothing but darkness and despair for his heritage.

After reaching manhood Poe's life became a hopeless struggle. Even after he had become known, and there was some demand for his work, his compensation was always slight. "The Raven" brought him ten dollars. Probably the combined prices paid for all his poems never reached the amount for which a single copy of his early verse (the Boston edition of 1827) was recently sold. The Baltimore edition of 1829 is also exceedingly rare. The only copy that I have succeeded in getting is in poor condition, but there is sufficient to show the great changes that these poems have undergone in various editions. There is one lyric in this volume, which, with the exception of a few lines, is not included in any extant edition, and may, therefore, be unfamiliar to most readers. It throws a side light on the poet's youth, when at the age of twenty he was furtively engaged in verse-writing, and brooding over suicide and prospects of early death. The lines incorporated in a later poem are omitted. It is entitled "To —," and is as follows:

Should my early life seem  
(As well it might) a dream—  
Yet I build no faith upon  
The King Napoleon—  
I look not up afar  
For my destiny in a star.

In parting from you now  
Thus much will I avow—  
There are beings and have been  
Whom my spirit had not seen,  
Had I let them pass me by  
With a dreaming eye—  
If my peace hath fled away  
In a night or in a day—  
In a vision—or in none—  
Is it therefore the less gone?

My early hopes? No—they  
Went gloriously away,  
Like lightning from the sky—  
At once—and so will I.

So young? Ah! no—not now—  
Thou hast not seen my brow.

But they tell thee I am proud—  
They lie—they lie aloud—  
My bosom beats with shame  
At the paltriness of name  
With which they dare combine  
A feeling such as mine—  
Nor stoic? I am not:  
In the terror of my lot  
I laugh to think how poor  
That pleasure "to endure!"  
What! Shade of Zeno! I  
Endure! No—no—defy!

Poe's poetical product was slight in bulk. Aside from his juvenile publication in 1827 he published but three volumes of verse, one at Baltimore in 1829; a revised edition at New York in 1831, with its dedication to the West Point cadets, from whom he received only ridicule for his pains; and a still further enlarged and revised collection under the name of "The Raven and Other Poems," at New York in 1845. The last named contained probably all his verse written up to that time that he considered worth publishing, including portions of "Politian." The manuscript of the unprinted parts of that dramatic poem subsequently passed into the hands of Mr. Ingram, who has wisely abstained from publishing what would add nothing to the poet's fame.

Prior to 1845, Poe's poems attracted little notice. In 1833, when his fortunes seemed to be at their lowest, he scored his first financial success. It was in that year that his prose tale, "MS. Found in a Bottle," and his blank verse poem, "The Coliseum," originally written as a soliloquy in "Politian," were both deemed worthy of prizes offered by the "Baltimore Saturday Visitor." It was held inexpedient to bestow both prizes upon the same competitor, and he was awarded the larger one, a hundred dollars, for his prose tale. His prose contributions to the Baltimore periodical, and subsequently to the Richmond "Southern Literary Messenger," were winning for him an enviable name in the world of letters, but his poetry was ignored. He returned to the North in 1837, and the remainder of his literary life was spent in New York and Philadelphia. He continued his labors as editor and contributor with varying success. As a romance writer he was winning fresh

laurels every year. Though he was ill paid and sorely beset, America was beginning to acknowledge his genius. His articles were stolen by the English magazines, and had already made an impression in France, where his works are now read and translated more than those of any other American.

Mr. Ingram was the first writer to demonstrate the resemblance between "The Raven" and Albert Pike's poem on "Isadore," written a year or two earlier, and more properly known by the title of "The Widowed Heart." These similarities are fully set forth by Mr. Ingram in his life of Poe and in a variorum edition of "The Raven" published in London in 1885, and need not be repeated here. While Poe was editing the "Broadway Journal" there appeared in its columns a little poem entitled "To Isadore," so manifestly the work of Poe that Ingram was justified in including it in his edition of Poe's poems. This lyric, "To Isadore," was published several months after Pike's poem, and has so much in common with it, besides the name of the subject, that its origin seems apparent. In tracing the genesis of "The Raven," Mr. Ingram makes no mention of this lyric, yet, if really the work of Poe, as seems reasonably certain, it is strong corroboration of Ingram's theory of one source of Poe's most famous poem. The success of "The Raven" was sufficient to turn a cooler head than Poe's. He himself once pronounced it the greatest poem in the world. This was shortly after it was finished, evidently before the ardor of composition had sufficiently cooled to enable him to form a candid judgment. Certain it is that he afterward modified his opinion, for he wrote that, in the true basis of all art, "The Sleeper" was the superior poem, though he believed that "not one man in a million could be brought to agree with" him in that opinion. What he wrote of "The Sleeper" may with equal truth be applied to such lyrics as "The City in the Sea," "The Conqueror Worm," "The Haunted Palace," "For Annie," and "Ulalume." It is in these that his lyrical genius is the least restrained. In these his powers of inspiration take their

strongest, highest flight, not into the pure empyrean of celestial hope and faith, but soaring on the pinions of doubt and despair into the upper realms of blackest gloom,

Flapping from out their condor wings  
Invisible wo!

Invisible, indeed, to the grosser vision, but acting upon the inner sense like strains of weird, unearthly music. His conceptions, though vague, are startling. He can exorcise from the land of shadows, a doomed city of sin, whose spires and minarets gleam with a fantastic light, but fall and crumble as noiselessly as they arose. He pictures Death as rearing a throne in a strange city, "far down within the dim West," where all "have gone to their eternal rest."

No rays from the holy heaven come down  
On the long night-time of that town;  
But light from out the lurid sea  
Streams up the turrets silently—  
Gleams up the pinnacles, far and free—  
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—  
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—  
Up shadowy, long-forgotten bowers  
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers;  
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine  
The viol, the violet and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters lie,  
So blend the turrets and shadows there  
That all seems pendulous in air,  
While from a proud tower in the town  
Death looks gigantically down.

All about the waters lie like "a wilderness of glass," undisturbed by a single ripple, unswept by a single breeze, "all things hideously serene." Even in the final catastrophe, the oppressive silence remains unbroken. The slight sinking of the towers causes a sudden movement in the "dull tide."

The waves have now a redder glow,  
The hours are breathing faint and low—  
And when, amid no earthly moans,  
Down, down that town shall settle hence,  
Hell rising from a thousand thrones  
Shall do it reverence.

Still more startling in its imagery is the conception of that motley drama with

Much of madness and more of sin  
And horror the soul of the plot.

A veiled and weeping angel throng

is depicted as seated in the theater, watching "a play of hopes and fears,"

While the orchestra breathes fitfully  
The music of the spheres.

Humanity is represented as "Mimes in the form of God on high," who "mutter and mumble low," mere puppets who act

At bidding of vast formless things  
That shift the scenery to and fro.

It is the destiny of this "mimic rout" to become the prey of

A blood-red thing that writhes from out  
The scenic solitude.

Out, out are the lights—out all!

And over each quivering form  
The curtain, a funeral pall,

Comes down with a rush of the storm.

And the angels, all pallid and wan,

Uprising, unveiling, affirm

That the play is the tragedy "Man,"

And its hero, the conqueror worm.

The narrowness of Poe's imaginative genius is obvious from his constantly dwelling upon one theme, that of destruction, whether of the body or mind. With glowing words and melodious rhythm he sings of reason dethroned or consciousness entombed. The subject of sentience after death was one that engrossed his mind continually, and appears and reappears in his prose and verse. The ballad of "Ulalume" was written in 1847. The poet, still distraught by the death of his idolized child-wife, shattered in health, and impoverished in fortune, was nearing the borderland of insanity. Though not yet out of his thirties, he lived among the ghosts and shadows of a wasted life, in a world peopled with the horrors of a Dantean Inferno.

There sighs, complaints, and ululations loud  
Resounded through the air without a star.

It was under such circumstances that the poet composed his "Ulalume," pronounced by a competent critic, "the extreme limit of Poe's original genius." The poem will not stand criticism. Many of its lines and rhymes are indefensible. Yet in spite of its faults, it is an exquisite lyric. It comes like a wail of suffering, wrenched from a tortured, baffled soul, whose

very anguish finds expression only in a melodious rhythm. The vagueness of its fantasies is forgotten in the effect of its irresistible music. In spite of the bitter arraignment by Mr. R. H. Stoddard, all classes of minds, healthy and otherwise, have been impressed by the little poem, and if, as that critic asserts, "no musical sense was ever gratified with its measure," it is difficult to explain away its subtle charm.

Analysis of such a work is a profitless task, Poe's devotion to his wife and her mother, the "more than mother" to him, should go far in mitigating the severe censures that some have seen fit to cast upon his private life. In his last poem, the memory of his beautiful young wife is so fitly enshrined, that it is as the sane and sorrowing author of "Annabel Lee" that his friends and admirers love to regard him. This little lyric is really a tribute to the "love that was more than love," which he bore to his idolized Virginia, who so far surpassed anything earthly as to be akin only to the angels above,

So that her high-born kinsmen came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in her sepulchre,  
In this kingdom by the sea.

It was peculiarly fitting that the last notes of his lyre, ere it fell from his hand forever, should vibrate responsive to the purest feelings that animated his whole career. For the remaining months of his life, the chords were to remain silent while he himself was marching to his tragic end. In that supreme moment, as he lay dying in the hospital, the easy victim of Baltimore political roughs, how vain and unsatisfying his notions of life and art, how empty and shallow his theories of pantheism as expounded in his prose poem of "Eureka," must have seemed to him, may be inferred, as in the agony of his tortured brain, he breathed the last and perhaps the only sincere prayer of his life, "Lord help my poor soul!" These last words that ever passed his lips sound like a confession that, after all, something more than mere abstract beauty is essential to satisfy the yearnings of human nature.

Poe has suffered almost as much from

indiscriminate panegyrist as from malignant detractors. Now that the generation that knew him for good and for ill has passed away, and with it all personal prejudices and predilections, it is possible to consider his work in that impartial spirit which he himself would have demanded. His most devoted admirers must admit the narrowness of his poetic range. Within those narrow limits he stands peerless among our purely lyrical singers. He was in no sense of the abused term a "national poet." He was not even a humanitarian one. Yet contracted as was his imaginative power the world itself was not broad enough for his song. In the land of dreams, fairies, clouds and shadows he wandered. The hopes, fears and aspirations of struggling humanity were as nothing to him. Beauty alone, in his judgment, was the purpose of poetry—truth only as subordinate to beauty; heroism, patriotism, love of home, of honor, or of duty, or any of the sublimer virtues, had no place as such in his realm of song. The Greek dramatists he brushed aside with contempt, though he could speak patronizingly of Milton. It must be admitted that he remained true to his ideals, in spite of temptations to prostitute his talents. Rather would he eat the crust of poverty than permit his poetic passions to be excited "with an eye to the paltry compensations, or the more paltry commendations of mankind." He instinctively hated didacticism, yet his verse is as pure and free from moral blemish as the most exacting could demand. As in his prose he fell short of Hawthorne's power to sound the depths of the human soul, so in his verse he failed to reach the divine heights scaled by his great master, Coleridge. His imagination was vivid but not profound. His descriptions, analytical almost to tediousness in his prose, are purposely vague and indefinite in his verse. His conceptions, as he remarks of those of Shelley, are seldom perfectly wrought out. Yet his undoubted originality, his fantastically gorgeous imagery, the stirring music of his song, the sweetness and melody of his diction, and his epigrammatic

expressions of thought at once stamp his poetry as the work of a man of genius and individuality.

The literary faults of Poe are as sharply defined as his merits. His tendency to subordinate sense to sound, and his verbal affectations, such as his use of terms rare and obsolete, or in a sense removed from their legitimate meanings, are among his most obvious mannerisms. But perhaps his gravest offense was the assumption of a profound learning which he by no means possessed. One of his biographers, Mr. Didier, is inclined to regard him as the most scholarly writer our country has produced. "His acquaintance with classical literature," we are assured, "was thorough. His familiarity with modern literature was extensive, while of English literature it can be truly said he knew it from the very source. Even the most insignificant of his writings show scholarship." Poe enjoyed nothing so much as to hoax the reading public, and through the verisimilitude of some of his tales and sketches, often produced the desired effect. But the most successful of all his impositions were the displays of erudition which inspired such awe in the minds of some of his admirers. Poe's singular error concerning the authorship of "Oedipus at Colonus" may have been uttered through carelessness rather than ignorance, but no such excuse can be urged for other inaccuracies scattered throughout his works. Mr. Woodberry was probably the first to do full justice to Poe's pretensions in this respect. It is sufficient to cite one flagrant example, the case of the note to his well-known lyric "Israfel." Originally it read, "And the angel Israfel, who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures: *Koran*." The passage, as Mr. Woodberry points out, is not in the *Koran*, but in Sale's "Preliminary Discourse." In the notes to Moore's "Lallah Rookh," where Poe found it, it is correctly attributed to Sale. At a later time Poe "interpolated the entire phrase, 'whose heart-strings are a lute,' (the idea on which the poem is founded), which is neither in Moore, Sale nor the *Koran*." "With



this highly original emendation," adds his biographer, "the note now stands in his works as an extract from the Koran."

No especial fault, perhaps, is to be found with Poe for his habit of republishing in the magazines as new, remodeled versions of his own pieces which had already been printed. These alterations are almost invariably improvements on the originals. Not so commendable was his custom of inscribing the same lines as personal tributes to different individuals. Thus the little poem beginning "Beloved! amid the earnest woes," he first published in 1835 as a tribute "To Mary." After transposing the stanzas he republished it in 1842, addressed "To One Departed," and in 1845 he printed it for a third time, and as intended for Mrs. Frances Sargeant Osgood. Another short poem, "Thou Would'st Be Loved?" was originally written to Miss White, and published in 1835. In 1839, slightly altered, it was reprinted and addressed "To —," and finally, in 1845, once more pressed into service, this time as another tribute to Mrs. Osgood, who has been allowed to remain the last and undisputed subject of both poems. That estimable lady, so far from resenting these tributes at third hand, was profoundly grateful to the poet, and to her dying day was one of his most earnest defenders.

Poe's personal traits have been too widely exploited to need further discussion here. His shortcomings have been pitilessly exposed. The sanctity of his home has been invaded, and the veil ruthlessly drawn from his domestic life. Weaknesses that have been condoned in other literary men have been made matters of bitterest reproach against him. Actual inability to meet financial obligations has been imputed to him as premeditated dishonesty. Inherited tendencies, against which he valiantly strove, have been exaggerated and misrepresented. His chivalric deference to womanhood has been misconstrued for insincerity and fickleness. "My whole

nature utterly revolts at the idea that there is any being in the universe superior to myself," were the words that he used in commenting on his own theories of cosmogony. This, of course, was said in no spirit of egotism, but simply as regarding himself as a type of universal manhood. Yet he was thoroughly out of touch with humanity. In his estimate of others he was frequently unjust, and, as we have seen, affected a disdain of contemporary applause. It remained for posterity to vindicate his name. He was the second American poet to be honored with a monument after death. His fame increases with the years. A little more than a quarter of a century after he had passed away a cenotaph was reared by the school-teachers of Baltimore above his grave. The tributes that were then received from the greatest living singers in the old world and the new afford some evidence of the honor in which he is held in the republic of letters. Ten years later the Poe memorial in New York Metropolitan Museum was erected by the actors of America. In England he is the only American poet to contest the popularity of Longfellow, and his works have been translated into French, German, Spanish and Italian. Besides these there is said to be a Russian translation of "The Raven." A Latin translation of that poem was published at Oxford and London in 1866, and one in Hungarian appeared at Budapest in 1870. His personal character for good and for bad was probably what might have been expected from one of his nervously sensitive organization, subjected to such a course of training as he received. This should be borne in mind by those who are in such haste to pass judgment upon his private affairs. There need be no disposition to absolve Poe from due moral accountability. Yet, as Burns the man has long since been absorbed in Burns the poet, it is not too much to ask a like charitable judgment in behalf of the ill-starred American, in whose verse there is not the shadow of moral uncleanness.

## JOHN KEATS, POET.

BY THOS. C. CARRINGTON.

IT has been difficult for the world to form a correct estimate of John Keats, either as poet or man. He has been subject to the two extremes of judgment—unqualified condemnation and unreserved praise; the former being the prejudice of political rancor, the latter the exaggeration of literary enthusiasm. His first fame was acquired not by the popularity of his writings, but from the violence with which they were assailed. The celebrated reviews of "Endymion," which appeared in "Blackwood's" and "The Quarterly," had an immeasurably wider circulation than the work which they criticised, and by them thousands received their first introduction to the poet. A foolish sentimentality ascribed his death as the direct result of these criticisms, when in reality they had not even a chronological connection with it, as they appeared more than two years previous. Byron and Shelley were especially responsible for establishing the fallacy that Keats was one whose life could be "snuffed out by an article."

Thus the public contemporaneous with himself, created in their minds an imaginary Keats, a poor, sniveling rhymster, of coarse nature and plebeian birth, so aptly described by the word "cockney," whom an adverse criticism, combined with a dissipated life, had sufficed to place in an inglorious grave.

The reaction, of course, came when the cultured few who had recognized and appreciated the poet, and the friends who had loved and honored the man, spoke out loudly and convincingly in his favor. But the tide flowed too far in the other direction, and we find him carried by the flood of critical applause above all of his contemporaries and placed by the side of Shakspeare himself. Had longer life been granted him he might have achieved this position; but we are forced to judge by what is, not by what might have been.

Keats was born in a livery stable,

where his father was head 'ostler and his mother the proprietor's daughter. Inherited tendencies were important elements in the composition of his character. His father's traits of liveliness and good humor, combined with practical common sense, were the poet's best characteristics. His mother transmitted to him a keen appetite for pleasure, a quick and ready mind, and a tendency to melancholy brooding. From her he also inherited the fatal disease of consumption. His personal appearance is described as attractive, his eyes being peculiarly brilliant and expressive. In height he was only five feet. His plebeian birth and small stature were the chief sources of his extreme sensitiveness. He was left fatherless at eight and motherless at fifteen. The lack of parental discipline and advice played an important part in the formation of his character.

Although born a poet, Keats was not himself aware of his latent genius until it was revealed to him by Spenser. The reading of the "Faerie Queen," in 1812, marks the first epoch in the poet's life. In the self-revelation which ensued, he discovered for what vocation nature had intended him, and from that moment the desire of his life was to give expression to the poetry within his soul. He now began secretly to scribble verses in imitation of Spenser. Having adopted the medical profession, he removed, in 1814, to London, to study in the hospitals. But the love for the beautiful and the desire to create it in verse was fast excluding all other interests.

In London Keats formed the friendship of the leaders in art, literature, and liberal politics. About 1816 he met Leigh Hunt, who was to strongly influence his life and work. Hunt was a picturesque figure both in politics and in literature, and his friendship and appreciation were encouraging, but his influence upon Keats's poetry

was far from salutary. The younger poet modeled his early productions upon the style and meter used by Hunt, to whom he owed many of the defects in "Endymion."

Having abandoned surgery, Keats definitely committed himself to poetry by the publication of a volume of fugitive pieces in 1817. Reading these first efforts in the light of the genius displayed in his subsequent productions, we can detect much of great promise, and an occasional line which is poetically perfect. But the volume was full of solecisms, false imagery and bad method. It, however, contained the beautiful sonnet inspired by reading Chapman's "Homer," the concluding figure of which is in Keats's best style:

Like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,  
Silent upon a peak in Darien.

Outside of the immediate circle of the poet's friends, the book does not seem to have caused a ripple. The next year Keats spent maturing his faculties and broadening his mind by the study of Milton and Shakspere.

Probably the greatest factors in the development of any writer are the books which he reads. It has been said that all men are mosaics of other men, so all books are mosaics of other books. If we could only trace the course of any author's reading, we could easily follow his own mental progress, note the influence each book exerted upon his mind, and how much he borrowed from his predecessors. Biographies have been written of every poet, but they are chiefly physical histories. We learn the names of his ancestors, the manner in which, to outward view, he spent his time, and how he died; all of which is to a degree interesting. But what we would wish to read is a mental biography; to note the psychical influence of each of his friends and books; read the history of the inner man, and follow the evolution of his mind and soul. So in studying Keats I have endeavored to trace

the connection, as far as possible, between what he read and what he wrote.

His earliest efforts were inspired by Spenser, whom Keats loved above all other poets. In his first volume the influence of Browne and Fletcher are especially traceable. Chatterton was also an early favorite. Of contemporary writers he naturally preferred the airy romance and passionate sentiment of Moore and Byron to the conventional artificiality of the disciples of Pope, and the realistic treatment of the "Lake School."

The next era in Keats's life is the publication of "Endymion," of which Wordsworth remarked that it was "a pretty piece of paganism." This criticism is perhaps as nearly true as any that was passed, and has received the largest acceptance.

"Endymion" is the story of the passion of a mortal for a goddess, whom he pursues with his love through the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. She finally succumbs, *Endymion* is spiritualized, and they vanish into air. It is intended as a parable of a soul seeking the ideal. Keats was fully conscious of the many faults so inextricably blended with the beauties of this ambitious poem. The imagination is unrestrained, and produces a tiresome superfluity of incident and detail. Poetic license is strained in the fantastic coinage of words and in defective versification. The errors, however, result mainly from the exuberance of a youthful mind, overflowing with poetic images and fancies, and lacking judgment to separate chaff from wheat. The poem contains original and beautiful thoughts, and many melodious lines, and, as a whole, it bears the stamp of genius of a high order.

The fact that Keats had contributed to the "Examiner," a periodical conducted by Hunt, together with their personal friendship, caused him to be regarded as Hunt's disciple in both literature and politics. Although intimately associated with them, Keats took small interest in the political disputes and quarrels of Hunt's party, and did nothing to provoke the

attack which, as their ally, he now received.

While in prison for libel of the Prince Regent, Hunt had composed a poem in which he took occasion to disparage Coleridge and Wordsworth, and to patronize and depreciate Scott. He thus antagonized two critics, Wilson and Lockhart, both connected with "Blackwood's Magazine." Wilson was the friend and admirer of Wordsworth, while Lockhart idolized Scott, and considered him the greatest poet of the age. This action, together with their radical difference in politics, which was at that time fierce and bitter, secured for Hunt the enmity of both "Blackwood's" and "The Quarterly." So when "Endymion" appeared, these magazines, aware of Keats's friendship with Hunt, were not predisposed to regard it with favor. The great notoriety given their criticisms of the book was brought about more by the subsequent success and fame of Keats, and the foolish statement that they caused his death, than by anything remarkable in the criticisms themselves. So much has been written and said of these, largely by people who never read them, that they are regarded as the embodiment of stupidity and ignorance and coarse malevolence. Wishing to discover the exact nature of these terrible articles, I have read both, but they do not nearly fulfill expectations. The criticism which appeared in "The Quarterly" has been given greater prominence than the one in "Blackwood's," but it is much less violent and more dignified. It is confined to the subject under discussion, and, apart from a side-thrust at Hunt, does not make any personal references. Indeed, there is an affectation of doubt expressed as to the genuineness of the author's name. The critic confesses his inability to read the whole of "Endymion," which is a feat that only a few of the poet's admirers accomplished. The judgment passed is that the poem is meaningless, the coinage of words fantastic and the versification wretched. It admits that the author has "powers of language, rays of fancy, and gleams of genius." The criticism is entirely a

literary one, and is no worse than the first productions of most famous writers have received. It is not nearly so brutal, for instance, as Macaulay's slaughter of Mr. Robert Montgomery's muse.

The review in "Blackwood's" was inspired entirely by the critics' enmity to Hunt, and his political animosity. A friend of Keats had confided to Lockhart the young poet's history and explained that his connection with Hunt was non-political. The information thus furnished was made use of in the article written soon afterward. Sir Walter Scott was cognizant of, if he did not approve, this covert attack, and the part he played in it remained a source of keen regret to him.

Keats's confidence in his poetic ability was too firm to be shaken by a critic, but the sting to his proud, sensitive nature in this article was the contemptuous reference to him as "Johnny Keats." The language of this criticism is refined and courteous in comparison with the personal abuse and venomous accusations the same critic was at that time exchanging with Leigh Hunt in the "Examiner."

We must bear in mind that "Endymion" alone is the subject of these criticisms, and that Keats had as yet written nothing of great merit. The most conclusive proof that his ambition was not blighted is that all of his best work was done after they were published.

Misfortunes now thickened around him. His favorite brother George emigrated to America in 1818, and in the same year his younger brother Tom died. His fits of morbidness and gloomy self-examinations were also more frequent. The following year, 1819, Keats produced all of his masterpieces, "Isabella," which followed "Endymion," gave evidence of great advance in maturity and self-restraint. It was founded upon stories from "Boccaccio."

The "Eve of St. Agnes" is a flawless gem, and the poem with which Keats's name is associated in the minds of most readers. It is a romantic narrative of mediæval love, an exquisite series of word-paintings, executed with the daintiest fancy in rich Oriental

colors, wrapped in an atmosphere of dreamy, sensuous beauty. Its source was simply an ancient superstition, as was also the "Eve of St. Mark," which was not completed.

"Hyperion" is generally considered Keats's masterpiece, although likewise incomplete. It is an epic poem in blank verse, resembling "Paradise Lost" in style and meter. Like "Endymion," the subject is mythological. "Lamia" is also narrative. The story was borrowed from Burton, and it is written in the Alexandrine meter used by Dryden. "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" is a story of hopeless love, probably an expression of his own feelings. The idea was taken from an old ballad.

The inimitable odes on a "Grecian Urn," "Psyche," "The Nightingale," and others, also belong to this period. They are the most enjoyable of Keats's work, on account of the simplicity in style and treatment, and the selection of subjects familiar to the ordinary reader.

In the fall of 1818 he conceived a violent passion for Miss Brawne, which resulted in betrothal, but did not end in marriage. The effect of this love affair upon his sensitive, high-strung nature, was most injurious.

By the beginning of 1820, Keats's work was practically at an end. The ravages of consumption, jealousy, and suspicions of his mistress, money troubles and a lack of appreciation of his poetry, all combined to destroy him. The morbid strain in his nature, partly repressed in good health, was now uppermost, and he became almost a hypochondriac. For a short time he sought in dissipation some alleviation of his sufferings, but this only exaggerated them. He had a play rejected, and wrote a satirical poem called "The Cap and The Bells," which was unworthy of him. The triple flame of genius, passion and disease was fast consuming his vitality.

The volume containing "St. Agnes Eve," "Lamia" and "Hyperion," was published in 1820. It met with favor, but did not win the full appreciation which it merited, and afterward received.

Keats has often been styled a Greek, and one born out of his time, but we can see little to support these criticisms. The appellation of Greek was acquired mainly because he chose Greek legends and myths as the material for many of his poems; and also on account of his love for abstract beauty. But his treatment and method was the very reverse of the Greek, a literature whose chief characteristic is breadth and repose.

Keats's advent into the world was poetically opportune. He was born the same year as Carlyle; when Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey were just reaching manhood. The new Elizabethan era was dawning, and the literary tendency of the time was toward poetry.

The scientific spirit which first manifested itself in the closing years of the last century, and which has since permeated all branches of knowledge, was introduced into literature by Cowper in his return to nature as the true source of poetry. He was ably seconded by the plowman-poet, Burns. This revolution culminated in Wordsworth, who understood the pathetic significance of commonplace things and saw always the background of the infinite.

Keats was influenced by these first realists, but was not one of them. His point of view differed widely from those of his contemporaries. Nature to Shelley was a radiant vision, the promise and emblem of eternal perfection; to Wordsworth it was a friend and daily companion, but an all-seeing power, a thing to be worshiped. Keats's interpretation was much simpler, his love for nature was more impersonal; it did not touch his soul, but simply pleased his eye by its changing forms and colors. It was its outward visible semblance, not its hidden symbolic significance, which appealed to him. He had no great message for men, no system of philosophy to elaborate, no wrongs to right, no moral to draw. He condensed his creed into the lines, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." The lack of definite purpose and fixed aim caused a



corresponding lack of sinew and substance in his poetry; he creates emotion without feeling, beauty without soul.

The character of a man is rarely matured and settled at twenty-five, the age at which Keats died, so that a fair judgment of him is difficult. There was never a man of genius whose nature was practical or methodical, and it is a sad truth that irregularity of nature is invariably accompanied by looseness of morals. Keats was a young man of passionate temperament and little self-control, with no outward restrictions. Sensuousness was his strongest characteristic, and morality was not very prevalent among the young English of Byron's day. But while not

immaculate, there is no evidence to prove the statement that he was habitually addicted to any vice. He was one of those who, "like diamonds, are cut by their own dust." His character was more intense than stable, more impressionable than firm. It is best to pass over in silence the last months of his life. He sailed for Italy in September, 1820, hoping to find relief in a milder climate, and after much suffering died at Rome, October 23, 1821. He was buried in the Protestant cemetery, where Shelley was soon laid by his side. This pathetic epitaph written by Keats himself is inscribed on his tomb:

Here lies one whose name was writ in water.

## ANN'S HOME COMING.

BY ELIZABETH C. SHIPMAN.

FRED ROBERTS had long been the vagabond of the Bevinsville district of Barclay. He knew this himself, but he had never felt it so strongly as to-day, when Ann was coming home. Home! What home? He had not realized that he had lived from house to house, six months at one place, a twelvemonth at another, ever since he had come down in the world, which was so far back that he did not care to count the years. The mistress of the house where he was now living brought to the door of his room a pile of clean, warm clothing, and spoke to him kindly.

"Now, Mr. Roberts, I want to see you go fix yo'se'f up nice and genteel. These are some things I've been gettin' ready 'gainst Ann come home. Just do yo' best to look spry, and I'll send old Uncle Josh in to trim yo' hair a little bit."

He murmured his thanks, his hands shaking as he took the garments.

"Don't mention it, Mr. Roberts," she went on, coming into the room to poke the dying fire. "I'm not for-

gettin' that the child started away from this house. I can't help thinkin' about her. She was such a peart little creature when she went away. An' now you say she can jus' pick up and play anything she wants to."

"Yes ;" he answered, pulling a ragged letter from his pocket, "yes, this is what she says: 'I have given the last three years to the piano, and my teacher says that I am a fairly good pianist'."

"Well, well," sighed Mrs. Jackson, "I reckon I wouldn't know her, little tousled Annie! I know it's a sinful thing to say, but I don't know how anything could happen better in this world than fo' yo' sister to die right now an' leave Ann independent."

She looked at the old man to emphasize the remark. He turned one tremulous hand over the other slowly, and could think of nothing else to say than "Yes."

He was longing to cross to the mantel-piece and take a draught from the squat, brown bottle which stood there. Then he would be able to answer, yet

he knew he must not drink to-day. Mrs. Jackson saw the glance of desire, and felt constrained to speak, her voice deepening under the consciousness of solemn advice.

"Oh, pray, Mr. Roberts, don't touch a drop. It would make Ann ashamed, indeed, to see her father in drink to-day."

It vexed him to think Ann was coming home to a shameful father; Ann who used to love him, faults and all, as no one else could. If he could only free his tongue from its paralyzing dryness. His bent head and folded hands suggested a humility that almost turned Mrs. Jackson from her mission.

"Ann, you know, is not the same child she was. She is a young lady now, an' expects to find her father different from what he was. I don't reckon she can stand havin' bottles anywhere but on the side-boa'd, trained up as she's been by anyone as strict an' set in their ways as yo' sister. Now, don't yo' reckon so, too?"

"Yes," he assented. The remembrance of his sister came into his mind and brought with it a sense of self-abasement. But he inwardly repudiated any thought of change in Ann.

"I expect we'll all be mighty surprised when she drives up, an' I want to have you as neat as a new pin when she sees you. If Turk wa'n't a dog, I believe in my soul I'd put a ribbon around his neck."

He managed to smile at the image of Turk with a gay colored ribbon around his great bull neck. The smile rejoiced the heart of Mrs. Jackson, who, having roused the fire from its languor to a brisk glow, said as she withdrew:

"Indeed an' deed, we'll all find Ann grown such a fine, handsome young lady that Mr. Jackson says he's sho' we won't know her excep' by that pretty voice of hers."

When the door closed the man walked toward the fire-place, feeling as he went that he was bowed and shabby. A glance in the wavering surface of his dim shaving mirror confirmed the sensation. Shaggy gray hair stood out around a lined face, ruddy naturally, red now, and glazed from exposure and

drink. He stood pulling at his locks, at one minute deciding that they needed to be trimmed, at another striving to recall how he looked when Ann went away ten years ago. He could not remember. No need to recall her face. It was before him every instant. But how did he appear in her eyes? Was he as degraded; as disheveled? Were his hands as ridged; as scarred; were they as hesitating; or had this come to him during the ten years? And Ann, during the ten years, had been ascending till she stood like a star above him. Her letters showed him that. He had one in his hand now which he opened and looked at, striving to put together the unkempt, motherly little child he had known, and these clear elegant characters. A fear arose in him, not for the first time to-day, that she might be that fine creature suggested by Mrs. Jackson; and what could such as she comprehend of debauchery, wild cravings, and wilder wretchedness that racked the weak man with misery?

He turned resolutely to dress, and fought down his feeling. The clothes were fresh and well-fitting, and he could not help thinking that he looked more 'genteel,' as Mrs. Jackson said, in the white starched shirt and dark trousers. A rap sounded upon the door, and, closely following it, appeared Uncle Josh with the implements of his trade. He gave an obsequious laugh.

"Lawd A'mighty, Mr. Robbuts, suh, I 'clar I didn' know you. You look so young."

"This hair don't look so young, Uncle Josh. I reckon you'll have to give it a right good cropping."

"Dat's so, suh. 'Pears lak ha'r dese days tu'ns gray mighty soon."

"Seems to me like I've been gray all my life. Was it this gray ten years ago?"

"No, suh," answered the old negro emphatically. "When Miss Ann was sent away, yo' ha'r was as black as a coal."

He tucked the towel around the neck of the victim and was running his fingers through the abundant gray mass before him, preparatory to his work. Uncle Josh had the wrinkled hide and

eyes of a great lizard, but his hand was wonderfully skillful with the razor and scissors. He now combed up the locks and clipped the rough ends so that they fell in a loose, gray rain over Roberts's face.

"Hit's tu'ned gray, Mr. Robbuts, 'case it ain't been looked a'ter lak it ought to be. But hit's mighty nice ha'r. Miss Ann, now, 'll change things a right smart, I reckon. Hit'll do Tu'k good, Mr. Robbuts. Dat 'ar dawg is a heap too sassy anyway, a-dauderin' along by hisse'f of a night, de Lawd knows wha'. Hit'll do him good to have somebody a-lookin' a'ter him."

Roberts was conscious that Turk was delicately used to veil him. He could not help smiling and opening his mouth to ask:

"What has Turk been doing now?"

"Hain't you hyar?" asked the old negro in shrill tones of surprise, through which the listener detected a note of relief. "Up yandeh, ole Miss McWrath hyar somethin' gwine splish-splash in her swill-ba'l de live-long night. De niggahs say none of dem gwine to tech de ha'nted thing. De next mawnin' when dey did go an' tu'n down de ba'l out jumps a vah-mint, suh, as big as a ox. Hit wah Turk, an' de dog-goned dawg walk off lak nothin' 't'all had happened. Sho' nuff, dat Tu'k's a villyun."

He had finished the clipping and now shook the towel on the hearth. Then he gathered up the falling hair in a wad to bury under a stone, so that it might not bring bad luck upon the owner by falling into the way of either dogs or birds.

"Lemme rub the sculp wid liquor, Mr. Robbuts," he said pouring out a liberal saucerful from the bottle on the shelf. "Liquor's the life of the sculp an' de stomach." He rubbed it in vigorously and went on. "Now jes' stan' out in de sun awhile to tek away de smell, 'case de ladies cyan't bar it, an' I 'spec's Miss Ann am lack de res' o' 'em now. You'se got to be mighty keerful now, suh, mighty keerful; Miss Ann is a town lady now, en' I always hyar tell what ve'y delicate noses dey has."

The operation was completely over now, and the barber stood awaiting his pay, a brimming glass of whisky from the familiar bottle. As he drank to Miss Ann's health, he regarded his handiwork with pride, the hair parted by a gleaming white line just above one ear and plastered down upon the forehead in scooping waves. Down the back of the head was another part, from which the hair was brushed briskly away on either side. The effect was jaunty and ludicrous in the extreme; but Uncle Josh looked upon it as a work of art. His parting remark was to beg his model not to "muss it 'fo' Miss Ann comes."

Roberts donned his waistcoat and coat and walked to the window. The trees on the horizon were leafless and black, but an afternoon haze softened their iron outlines. The locusts below in the yard stretched bare boughs, and the rose bushes had only stems to show after all their summer wealth. Among the dry brown leaves, which were shiftlessly left in drifts, the hens scratched industriously. A line of ducks, contrary to orders, were marching across the greensward on their way home after a late swim. Just below the window, propped against the great chimney, lay Turk, his broad bull neck upon his outstretched paws. He was peacefully dreaming in the austere warmth which the afternoon sun afforded.

The man felt the chill from his drenched head. It crept downward and rendered the stiff shirt unbearable. Now it reached his heart and awoke despair. Everyone, even the old negro there, warned him that he was unfit for Ann. He had always known it but he had hoped that their love met above and annulled the unfitness. How long he stood leaning against the window frame in mental numbness he did not know, but when he looked around the fire had died out and the sun was half below the inky horizon. Ann would soon be here. He could not face her, the strange daughter whom he did not know. With trembling, burning fingers, he tore off the new clothing he had put on an hour before, and dressed himself in his every-day garments. They

were rough, unbrushed and disreputable, yet he welcomed them. He felt that he was himself again, the outcast who worked long enough to buy whisky; who begged food, shelter and clothing. He had dreamed of deliverance from without; a deliverance he was too weak to effect within himself, which should be brought about by sympathy, companionship and protection. But the dream was over. He was only a drag and a disgrace to the young lady Ann had developed into. Everyone thought so, and he did not question the opinion, so nearly was it an echo of the fears in his own mind.

He opened his door and crept down the stairs and across the hall. His fingers rattled the knob of the door so uncontrollably that he feared some one would hear, and he halted, expecting a summons to explain. No voice questioned, however. He stepped out on the porch, thence on the lawn and softly whistled to Turk. The animal bounded joyously around the corner of the house, leaping and fawning about his master. The two struck westward across the lawn, and, as he went, Roberts heard the sound of a window thrown up and a voice crying:

"Mr. Roberts, upon my soul! Mr. Roberts!"

He gave no heed, but plunged into the orchard, feeling the cold evening air, and seeing through the black twigs of bushes and trees the vivid thread of scarlet just above the horizon line of woods. He had his stick with him, and thrust into a pocket of his coat a bottle which he had seized from the mantel.

As he went on and the evening fell darker, and Turk walked ahead more sedately, he could not keep weak tears from his eyes. He did not know what they were there for. Sometimes they seemed to flow at the picture of himself, lonely, homeless, without place or worth, wandering in darkness; but mostly they rushed unbidden at the thought of Ann, his little Annie of ten years back. To his dazed mind she seemed dead, and he mourned over her as he would over a dead child. How she used to shield him! When he lay weak from his drunken stupors,

she used to bend above him with love and cheerfulness and mild pity, not merely cold toleration, in her blue eyes; she would divide her own small meals with him, wooing him back to strength, when he was hidden away, wretched and feverish, in some hay-mow. On cold nights like this, if he sank drowsy with the fumes of drink, she would seek him out, and, covering him as best she could, would sit close beside him, faithful Turk crouching on the other side. Then, in days of prosperity he had worked here and there as itinerant carpenter, and the little girl had played beside him. He could recall just how she looked, with long curls of pine shavings falling about her face, around which her own brown tendrils of hair clung and twined. She would sit writing her letters on a smooth bit of board, uneven, jagged, characters traced with a fragment of charcoal, for her fingers, skillful in soothing and doing, were unready at writing. Yes, there was no better way of repaying her now than by going away. She had grown happy in changed conditions, despite her bitter tears shed the morning of parting, the delicate spring beauty of which suddenly gleamed before his eyes, and he would not sadden her. He knew he could not free himself from the strong clamps of his vice, but she should not suffer. Perhaps some day, far in the future, it might be that he would come back and look at her, unknown to herself, and be satisfied that her eyes were as blue and as lovely as when she was a child; perhaps some day he would come back.

He was stumbling through a field of dried broomsedge where the long wisps entangled his feet and brought him to his knees more than once. The darkness was so thick around him that he could see no outlines. He was tired and cold. He dropped down on the withered grass, and sat crouched together shivering in the icy stillness. Turk pressed close to his side; the warm contact of the beast cheered the forlorn man. He felt the pressure of the flask against his thigh, and for a moment a wild desire flashed into his

mind; here was warmth and an anodyne; then he wrenched the bottle from his pocket and flung it far into the darkness. He listened to the faint crash, and sat erect for a few minutes. After awhile he folded his arms and rested his head upon them.

"I'll go on presently," he muttered, heavy with drowsiness. In spite of the bitter cold, sleep seemed deliciously near and grateful. He dozed in snatches, now and again recovering consciousness.

"It's better for her," he repeated; "it's better for her. She's got as gentle blood as any, and without me to hinder she can go with the best. She has money, too, thank God."

He was drifting into irresistible sleep,

but through its veil he felt the dog at his side get up and run forward. He put out a languid hand; his touch fell on rough stubble and dried weeds. A bitterness that even the popped ease of sleep could not prevent flooded his soul. He rested in desolation on the inhospitable ground, feeling the moments go by. Then the sigh he could not keep back, the salt drops forcing their heavy, unwilling way through his lids, were checked by Ann's voice; not by her voice alone, but by her warm arms around his body and her cheek pressed to his cold face.

"Father," she said, and the words were the healing words of her childish days; "father, I came to look for you."

## HOW SHALL WE PRONOUNCE ENGLISH?

BY MORRISON H. CALDWELL.

CORRECT pronunciation is a criterion of culture. To Southerners of culture the proper pronunciation of many English words is a problem of perplexity, by reason of the fact that Southern pronunciation does not follow the standard universally accepted in the North. Many Southerners have adopted the usage of Boston, believing that it is the standard of English pronunciation in both England and America. When we consider the causes that have contributed to this misapprehension, it is somewhat surprising that many more have not been induced to abandon the accent of their ancestors. At school the child has placed in his hands spelling-books, reading-books and geographies, in which every word is marked as pronounced by teachers in the Northern States. Conscientious teachers attempt to drill this pronunciation into their pupils, under the impression that any other is absolutely wrong. Less than five years since, the writer was in attendance upon a teachers' institute in a Southern State, when the conductor was corrected by a lady

teacher, who informed him that she had whipped many of her pupils for that identical mispronunciation. The conductor, a stalwart Kentuckian, quoted the proverb about doing as the Romans do, when in Rome, but all in vain. The avenging Nemesis appealed to Worcester and Webster, and convicted the conductor of the institute of ignorance.

This incident serves well to illustrate the tendency and the dense misapprehension as to the real standard. Webster's dictionary and most spelling-books teach the child that he must pronounce *Alabama* as though it were written *Alabarma*, but some geography makers are not so arrogant as to assume to change the pronunciation of words local to the South. It has been the misfortune of the South that both the great dictionaries of America in the past were edited by men whose vocal chords were attuned to the cold winds of the North. They attempted to nationalize a pronunciation prevailing in one section of the country, but they have not succeeded, because they



essayed an impossible task. The education of Southerners in Northern schools or by Northern teachers has not been without effect in developing a dissatisfaction with our Southern pronunciation; nor has the Northern resident failed to become a factor in the change of the past decade; but by far the most potent cause of this surrender of our Southern speech on the part of some of our most cultured people has been the publication of popular novels, wherein the language of the Southerner is given with a peculiar spelling, to show the Southern indifference to Italian *a's*, trilled *r's* and nasal *ng's*, which seem to constitute a holy trinity for the adoration of these authors who bow the knee to Boston, apparently oblivious of the fact that they are caricaturing the usage of the best educated society of London. It will be charitable to suppose that these critics of Southern speech have been misled by that ancient error that Southern pronunciation owes its peculiarity to ignorance and association with negroes.

Few persons understand the philosophy of pronunciation. Ethnologists have observed the marked effect of climate upon the social, physical, mental and moral natures of the nations of the world. The effect of climate upon language and pronunciation is much more remarkable, and there is no field that affords a more pleasing or profitable study. In those countries where the air is warm during the greater part of the year, we find that vowel sounds predominate in the language, and, on the other hand, a predominance of consonants prevails in the languages of all cold countries, where the vocal chords would suffer if the mouth were opened too frequently. Take a map showing the isothermal lines, and you will discover that this difference in pronunciation manifests itself even in the geographical names. In Siberia, where the average annual temperature is lowest, we meet with such names as Ust Yansk, Yakutsk, Okhotsk; in Russia, we find Tchukchees, Rzhev and Sgiersht, and in the same latitude we behold Kamchatka. In marked contrast to these words of

the north, are the musical words of the south, as Constantinople, Mesopotamia, Brahmopootra, Hoango-Ho, Yokohama, Honolulu, Samoa, Tallahassee, Swananoa.

Four principal isothermal lines encircle the earth. The average annual temperature of  $40^{\circ}$  is indicated by the isothermal which passes through Sitka, Alaska; Montreal, Canada; New England, Iceland, Stockholm, Sweden; and near St. Petersburg, Russia. The isothermal with an average annual temperature of  $50^{\circ}$  passes through Chicago, New York, London, Brussels and Vienna. The isothermal having an average annual temperature of  $60^{\circ}$  passes through San Francisco, California; Tennessee, North Carolina, Madrid, Spain; Rome, Italy; Northern Greece, Constantinople, Shanghai, China; and Tokio, Japan. The isothermal of  $70^{\circ}$  average annual temperature passes through Northern Mexico, Galveston, Texas; New Orleans, Louisiana; Florida, Northern Africa, Palestine and Southern China.

It will be noted that Boston and most of the Northern States lie between the two isothermals marked  $40^{\circ}$  and  $50^{\circ}$  respectively, or in the same climate as that of Russia, while the Southern States are situated between the isothermals of  $60^{\circ}$  and of  $70^{\circ}$ ; that is, in the same climate as Italy and Greece. There is an average annual difference of  $20^{\circ}$  in the temperature of the two sections of the United States. This climatic difference has produced a difference in the pronunciation and euphony of languages throughout the world. It has helped to make different dialects and pronunciations in China. It has made the Italian, Spanish and Greek languages the most musical in the world, and it has made the German and Russian languages difficult to pronounce. Seeing that we should ridicule a Greek or Italian who, while yet a resident of his native land, should adopt the pronunciation of Russia, is it not somewhat unreasonable to expect a native of the "Sunny South" to articulate as though he were a Bostonian?

The principal difference between the

Northern and the Southern pronunciations of English is in regard to the pronunciation of *a*, *r* and *ng*. If the people of England and of America could agree as to this troublesome trinity we should have an English standard of pronunciation universally accepted. But this difference has existed for more than a century in both England and America, and it is not probable that it will be settled to the satisfaction of both sections when another century shall have passed, for the reason that there are climatic conditions which will continue to control pronunciation.

In the Northern States the letter *a* in most words is given the sound of the "Italian *a*," that is, the sound of *ä* in *ärm*, *äh*. In the South the pronunciation of a certain class of words is almost universally a modification of the Italian *a*, which is termed its "wide variant," as found in *a* in *ask* (not *arsk*).

The people of the North are accustomed to trill the letter *r*, whereas the Southerners sound it but slightly or give it the "vowelized *r* sound" said to be characteristic of London and vicinity.

There is a decided tendency in the South to pronounce words ending in *ng*, as though they ended in *n*, but Northern people are particular about sounding the final letter. Now let us see how climate may cause these differences. Alexander Melville Bell, a distinguished phonologist, has prepared a table showing with what organs and in what manner each sound is produced. He declares that "the Italian *a* (*ärm* *äh*) is pronounced by pressing the tongue with force toward the palate or pharyngeal wall, making contact and meeting resistance on the lateral margins and being thus firmly braced." The Southern sound of *ä* (*ask*) called by him the "wide variant" of the Italian *ä*, differs from it as follows: "This pressure is not exerted, and this support is wanting; the tongue is merely projected into position and leans upon nothing, or only spreads itself against the teeth or other parts, and finds but slight support." When we pronounce *ä*, as

in *ärm*, the throat is *almost closed*, but when the Southern sound, *ä* in *ask*, is given, the throat is *opened much wider*, although the mouth is opened less. It is evident that it is easier for the tongue to take the "wide variant," because no "pressure" is necessary, no "resistance" is encountered, and no "bracing firmly" is required, in "merely projecting the tongue forward." In colder climates it may be necessary to make this additional effort in order to save the vocal chords from exposure through the wider opening of the throat, but the native of the South is under no such necessity, and continues to follow the course of least resistance.

In regard to the *r* sound, Mr. Bell says: "With an approximately cylindrical passage between tongue and palate, simply raising the point of the tongue for friction against the edge, gives by this means the *r* sound."

"Raising the tongue higher and further back to touch the palate gives the dental *r* which is usually trilled but not strongly so." Elsewhere it is stated that the palatal *r* is much less apt to be trilled than the dental *r*. The palatal *r* is pronounced as the pure *r* above described by "simply raising the point of the tongue." This Southern *r*, therefore, leaves the passage to the lower throat more open than does the trilled dental *r* of the North, which is made by "raising the tongue higher and further back to touch the palate." It is natural that persons living in a country where the average annual temperature of the air is 20° warmer, should not be so careful to exclude the air from their vocal chords, when to do so involves a more difficult movement of the tongue.

The third point of difference is disposed of easily, because in sounding both *n* and *ng*, "the passage through the nose is open while the way through the mouth is cut off." The habit of dropping the final *g* in words of this class is by no means so common as critics assert, but it must be admitted that the tendency is toward avoiding the harsh nasal sound by shortening it as much as possible. In a cold climate

people naturally "keep the nasal passage open, and the way through the mouth cut off" from cold air, but Southerners being under no such climatic necessity are perhaps guilty of going to the opposite extreme.

It is a noteworthy fact that the Southern pronunciation in each case of difference has been an *open throat* sound, and the Northern pronunciation has been the result of such positions of the tongue or mouth as helped to protect the vocal chords from too much cold air. This is strikingly suggestive and ought to satisfy the skeptical that climate controls pronunciation.

Henry Irving says: "You cannot stereotype the expression of emotion . . . the speaker who is sounding the gamut of human feeling will not be restricted in his pronunciation by the dictionary rule." Nor can any number of dictionary rules change the pronunciation of a great people, because they will obey the law of nature which makes one pronunciation better for them than another. In obedience to this universal law of climate the New Englander will persist in that pronunciation that is best for him because it protects his vocal chords, and in like manner the Southerner will still speak with open throat sounds. Whenever the natives of either section attempt to adopt the usage of the other section they become unnatural, and in that sense affected. In other words we believe that there should be two schools of pronunciation, and we would urge Bostonians to adhere to their standard, while we protest against the desertion of the Southern standard by persons of Southern rearing.

If there ever was a time when Southerners should not give up their pronunciation it is the present. In the Century Dictionary, edited by the late William Dwight Whitney, America's greatest philologist, and in Webster's International Dictionary, revised under the supervision of Dr. Noah Porter, of Yale University, it is conceded that the New England standard of pronunciation is not the standard of the English-speaking world. This admission was inevitable in view of the over-

whelming weight of authority in England in favor of accepting the usage of the best educated society of London as the standard of English pronunciation. In 1791, there was published in London "Walker's Critical Pronouncing Dictionary and Expositor of the English Language," which proved a popular manual of pronunciation, and ran through many editions, both in England and in America. Walker was an actor at a time when the stage was universally considered the model of correct speech, largely on account of Garrick's reputation as a scholarly actor. It will be remembered that Garrick was one of the leading members of that famous literary club presided over by Dr. Samuel Johnson, the author of the first great dictionary of the English language. Goldsmith, Burke and Gibbon were members of this club. Walker was also a teacher of elocution in London, and at Oxford was patronized by the English nobility and gentry, so that he had an excellent opportunity to become familiar with the pronunciation of the most cultured society. It would be much more reasonable to suppose that our Southern pronunciation arose from the use of Walker's Dictionary than to ascribe it to association with African slaves, for Walker's Dictionary was authority for a similar pronunciation in England.

The next great English dictionary was Smart's, which appeared in London in 1840. In his preface Mr. Smart said: "I pretend to reflect the oral usage of English such as it is at present among the sensible and well-educated in the British metropolis; and I am now to state what my opportunities have been of learning that usage. I am a Londoner, the son of a Londoner, and have lived all my life in London. . . . I have been able to observe the usage of all classes." He followed the pronunciation of Walker, which, as has been said, was substantially the same that has now become so inseparably identified with the South.

It is a significant fact that Cooley, Stormouth, Ogilvie and the Imperial; in fact, nearly all the important diction-

aries of recent years, sustain the usage of London as the standard, while the Encyclopædia Dictionary upholds the usage of Northern England and of New England.

Against the claim of these London lexicographers Dr. Porter makes a vigorous protest in the Webster's International Dictionary. He says: "Notwithstanding the advantage connected with the metropolitan position, the usage of London and vicinity is not really the standard for the other parts of Great Britain itself, in the sense of securing actual conformity or even of being acknowledged as the model which should be followed. There are as yet but few of the best educated of the American people who are disposed to take the usage of London as the standard for their own pronunciation." This is a somewhat remarkable statement. The distinguished doctor is not well pleased that Londoners should claim the "advantage of metropolitan position," but he begs the question when he declares that "the usage of London and vicinity is not *really* the standard, in the sense of securing *actual conformity*, or even of being *acknowledged* as the model which should be followed." Judged by this test, what becomes of his Boston standard? His own definition of the word *standard* in his dictionary does not call for "*actual conformity*," or "*acknowledgement*" by all, and yet he would have us believe that there can be no standard of English pronunciation by reason of the existence of a different usage in Wales, in Cornwall, in the north of Scotland, or perchance in Northern England. When Dr. Porter essays to speak so authoritatively as to the preference of the "American people," he should not forget that there are seventy million people in America, and that he might be mistaken in supposing that "there

are as yet but few of the best educated of the American people who are disposed to accept the usage of London as the standard of their own pronunciation."

He well knows that there are in the Southern States several millions of people who follow the usage of London, and, in order to preserve the prominence of Boston as the American standard, he resorts to the old theory that "but few of the best educated of the American people" live in the South. This theory no longer calls for refutation, because it is universally conceded that no section has a monopoly either of brains or of scholarship.

Before closing we cannot forbear commending Dr. Porter for his candor in making the following concessions, viz.:

(1) "The nasal tone, which is yet too commonly heard in America, is a thing to be corrected." (2) "A pedantic and affected precision which deprives the syllables of their proper character as unaccented is to be avoided." (3) "§61 à. This à (ask) is the sound to be preferred in certain words or syllables ending in sk, ff, ft, th, ss, sp, st, nce, nt, nd, as, ask, staff, graft, path, pass, grasp, last, dance, chant, command, and in some other cases, besides the frequent use in unaccented syllables."

"With the actual diversity in general usage—in both America and England—it seems clear that the sound à (ask), the wide of ä (ärm), as the best and most agreeable to the ear, is the one to be preferred." This last concession should satisfy any Southerner of culture that no necessity exists for his giving up his Southern pronunciation upon the ground of higher culture. We shall observe with interest the effect of this recommendation upon our quondam critics, who have derided Southerners for this pronunciation now declared by their prophet to be "most agreeable to the ear and the one to be preferred."



## A CASE IN POINT.

BY J. P. POLLARD.

WITHOUT, all things were bowing under the rule of the God of Rain; within the cosy environs of the club, the Goddess Nicotina reigned supreme. Huge drops glistened upon the window-panes. Mankind, outdoors, was divided into two classes: those with and those without mackintoshes.

The cynic, peering out through the smoke and the rain-mist, rubbed his hands together cheerfully. "What a beautiful day it is," he said. "How delightful it is to sit in a cosy room and think how much nicer it is to be in a cosy room than it is to walk in the wet, than it is to walk in the wet and think how much nicer it is to be in a cosy room."

"Is that supposed to mean anything in particular?" asked a voice from the smoke.

"Oh, no; merely a reflection!"

"Nowadays, it would seem that no one ever means anything. Is there no more sincerity in the land?"

"Plenty. But there is too much tragedy. If we were to take life seriously we would be monstrously pitiable."

"Bah! there is no more tragedy, to-day! Tragedy was yesterday; but to-day there is nothing but commonplace."

"You are mistaken; there is still much tragedy, but it is of a finer sort. Here is a case in point—"

"What do you call it?"

"H'm. I never thought of that. Besides, it's not a story. It's simply an occurrence."

"Not one of the people who used to praise young Fenton's sketches ever supposed that he was the sort of man likely to be influenced by shibboleths. His distinguishing quality was originality; it was the fact that there was something so bold, so new, so striking in his manner of work that had so swiftly brought him to the front rank, and he was the last person in the world whom the ninety-and-nine would have

suspected of a superstition that was almost mediæval in its intensity.

"It is true, that for a long time the superstition lay dormant. Never during the pleasant years of his first rising to the top pinnacles of success's temple did he give any sign that such an idea was his. He went from one success to another with the steady assurance of youth. Praise came to him abundantly; but it never hurt him. He told himself that he knew the defects of his work too well. He knew it was good, but he also knew that he had better possibilities yet unfolded. And until a man has done his best, he is never—if he be the sort of man to really deserve the title 'artist'—he is never satisfied.

"His home was Bohemia. In the gay fellowship of jolly, careless souls he thought his element lay. Aside from that he was something of a solitary, a thinker-out of many useless things by many a silent vista of landscape. It was thus, doubtless, that he developed a devouring habit of introspection. Self analysis is the bacillus that cankers the modern soul. When an artist has this poison in his system, he is doubly to be pitied.

"Fenton used to take long, lone walks into the moonlight and over the moors, and consider the question of his art's imperfections. He would vow improvement and faith to his dreams. Presently in the succession of his successes came an exhibition of his black and whites at some famous art-rooms. The event was advertised not a little, and society took it into its fickle head to go thither, and then into raptures. After a deal of consideration, the artist went down to the exhibition. He was prepared for many things, but not for the utter vapidness of the visiting throngs. The remarks they made nearly drove him into a temper. They always praised the wrong things. He was slipping out of the crowd, preparing to escape, when a fellow-artist



caught his arm and dragged him toward a girl that sat on one of the lounges. They were introduced, and in another minute they were engaged in a most pleasant conversation.

"When he went home that day, he found himself discussing the pros and cons of marriage. The cons were decidedly in the majority. He admitted that this girl had talked sensibly, charmingly; that she was good to look at, and that she seemed a very desirable young person generally. But over against this loomed the black shadow of his superstition. He had gathered it up from his books and from his friends. It was to the effect that an artist should never marry. He thought of the many cases in history, of the unhappy unions; of the blasted futures, of the blighted lives. He remembered all the old shibboleths. 'Art is a jealous mistress,' he told himself. He shuddered at the thought of fetters; it was one of the *desiderati* that an artist should feel that his hand was free. And so thinking, hugging his superstition tightly, he went to sleep for that night.

"But the sight of the pretty face and the sound of the tender voice, were not to be so lightly thrust aside. So it came that, the while he repeated to himself with growing insistence the formulas of his superstition, he nevertheless continued in ever-increasing intimacy with the girl who had first started him to thoughts of marriage. She was so fascinatingly tactful, so charming a critic, so careful in avoiding all excesses of praise! He found himself arguing that such companionship would surely make his art more than ever a pleasure. And then the voice of his superstition whispered to him that he was a sophist.

"He grew pale with the conflict of his emotions. In one breath he told himself that, with this girl as his wife, his art would gain the impetus of joyous moods and ripe contentment; in the other, he remembered that the path of the artist who married had ever been beset with misadventures and failures; when Fate had left the man's art unspoil she had filled the woman's life with emptiness and unhappiness. And surely he loved both his art and this

girl too well to subject either of them to neglect!

"Alone he fought the battle, and alone he fell. For he finally told himself, with a glad sigh of relief, that he was rid of his Old-Man-of-the-Sea, his superstition, and that he would not spoil his chance of happiness with her for a mere vaporous fable.

"Out of the honeymoon, he emerged with a conscious determination to make up for lost time, and show the world that his work was steadily improving. But as his pencil touched the paper, he felt a ghost creep up to his shoulder. It sat there and grinned at him.

"Say what you will, a man's own thoughts are his most threatful enemies. This man, just married, happy, successful, felt an awful suspicion worm its way into his brain. It was the suspicion that already he saw signs of deterioration in his work and felt the breath of that sentence: 'Thou shalt never again do as good work as thou hast already done!'

"He trembled and put his hands before his eyes. He tried to bar entrance to this thought. But it writhed its way past all the barriers, and took its place upon his brain in triumph.

"Nor ever thereafter did he produce anything that, to him at least, did not seem upon a lower plane of art than the one he once had moved in. And when a man really thinks this about his work, the latter is sure to really suffer. It did so in this case. The public saw it, and sheep-like, took up the shibboleth. 'Oh, well, you know,' it said, 'he's married. He's transferred his affections!'

And so, though the future still loomed large with possibilities, this man eased his hand, declaring with a pitiable shrug, that his day was over, and that he had decided to become a better husband than he had been artist. But there was a flavor of irony in that remark, and in his heart of hearts he never really forgave his wife.

"But what made you think of that story to-day?" was asked from the realm of smoke.

"I was thinking that it was better to be a miserable old bachelor than a miserable benedict. I was his best man."

# THE AUTOCRAT

THE Autocrat lately referred to the death of the mentor of Manhattan Island's Four Hundred, and incidentally spoke of the function of his office. The period of mourning was duly observed by his subjects, and they are now at liberty to fill his place by such selection as may be agreed upon by those to whom the charge has been delegated. The selection has not been a duty of easy performance. In the Four Hundred are included some of the distinguished descendants of the buccaneers, slave-ship owners and pelt traders, who infested Manhattan Island in the early settlement of America, as well as some of the newer people from the South and West, who have become identified with Manhattan Island society. The chief difficulty that has arisen in trying to make a selection, is a division of sentiment as to whether the new officer should be a man who would keep the smart set restricted to the Four Hundred and their descendants, according to the design of Mr. McAlister, or whether he should be a man who would take a broader view, and admit others of worth who are now outside the sacred precincts. The older Manhattan Islanders urge the continuance of the plan laid down by their former mentor, while the newer element, or, more correctly, the later comers, favor the admission of such others as may demonstrate their fitness for membership. The latter say that the time intervening between the buccaneers and slave-ship owners and their present descendants was probably necessary to fit these descendants for the position they now occupy; but that in the more advanced state of civilization which we now enjoy, the stages between shirt-sleeves and dress coat are fewer and more quickly passed than they were formerly; that people get away from their old associations oftener and remain away longer, so that the inherited tendencies to buccaneering, felt trading and the like, do not now remain so firmly fixed as they did even a very few years ago. The buying of

beef hides by the train load, and other such large commercial transactions, has something more broadening about it than cavilling with a red Indian over a slight difference between his pelts and a gallon of fire-water, or the effort to dispose of a sick savage to a Virginia planter before he died on the hands of his captor. Their argument is plausible, and has the merit of being altogether American. They maintain further that their plan is the more politic. The smart set has of late been getting itself rather roughly handled for its pretentiousness, and if the lines should not be so rigidly drawn the satirical enemies would soon become allies. From all indications the South and West are in a fair way to carry the day. According to the most authentic information to be obtained, Mr. McAlister's successor will be a Westerner, "an Illinois man, still on the shady side of thirty." His name is Mr. Albert Morris Bagby, and he is said to be "a musician and literateur, who has had a brilliant social career in New York and abroad."

This is an undreamt-of triumph for the West, because the West, as the New Yorker would say, has not until lately been much "in this line." When the West gets its hand fairly in at this kind of thing, there will be a dash and breeziness about the Four Hundred that shall set the pace for all of Wales's set, and we shall then see the Manhattan Island Anglomaniac transformed from what he tries to be now into the Wister type of the Western plains.

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THE interchange of amenities between France and America through M. Bourget and Max O'Rell on one side and Mark Twain on the other, will likely call for astute diplomacy. Mark Twain resents the affront put upon Americans by M. Bourget, who has lately traveled a few weeks in this country. M. Bourget says when the American is not otherwise engaged, he spends his time in trying to find out who his grandfather was;

and Mark Twain retorts by saying that when the Frenchman is not otherwise employed, he spends his time in trying to find out who his father is. Max O'Rell, with spleen and statistics, comes forward in defense of his countrymen to show that the Frenchman knows a great deal better who his father is than the American knows who his grandfather was.

If a settlement of this question be approached with caution, there may be no greater mortification on either side than a realization, by the three funny gentlemen, that the true vocation of a fun-maker is to produce amusement without offense; for, in a measure, they are all three correct in their assumptions. M. Bourget chanced here when a great number of Americans were busily engaged looking up their grandfathers preparatory to application for membership in the various organizations of American Revolutionary descendants; and, with the preconceived idea of the foreigner, that the American has no mediate ancestry, his conclusion was a pardonable bit of conceited stupidity. Then, with the habit of the American, in assuming that most of the virtue of Europe was shipped in the Mayflower, supported by such French fiction as Pere Goriot and Pierre and Jean, with the uncontrollable propensity for being funny, Mark Twain disports himself in his characteristic way; feeling, probably, that he can best attain his point with his countrymen when he is making an unbecoming thrust at the foreigner. And Max O'Rell is most likely correct in his statistics, and would have established his point, probably, if his statistics had covered the field of weakness in French civilization that Mark Twain's shaft was directed against.

There is no occasion, probably, for saying anything to alleviate the wound the French have received from the whirring of this particular buzz saw, since it is not run for business—only for amusement; and they have, most likely, learned before now, that the fun-loving Americans are amused, sometimes, at very small things. What M. Bourget has had to say about them, in fact, amused them no little. If it has amused his countrymen, we should not regret the courtesies extended him while he was here gathering his material; for Americans of sense are not, to any extent, engaging themselves about what the foreigner thinks of

their ancestry. But what the most of them would like for the French to know is, that if they are not so well off as to grandfathers, they are not so badly off as to breeding as M. Bourget has shown himself, nor as the retort of Mark Twain would imply. If Max O'Rell did not take himself so seriously, he would not have taken Mark Twain so seriously; and it will probably help matters, when diplomatic negotiations begin, for the French to know that the Americans take neither Mr. Clemens nor M. Blouet any other way than as professional funny men, incidentally connected with letters—chiefly for revenue.

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It was but lately that Mr. Brander Matthews felicitated himself and his fellow Americans upon the improvement of their cutaneous armor since the time when Sidney Smith asked who ever read an American book. And yet no foreigner ever says a word of adverse criticism about us now that we are not ready to offset it with some curt retort as to the shortcomings of his own particular nationality. Now, it would seem, from what we so constantly hear from our great men, that, of all things, Americans should care least for pride of birth. All of us may not agree with our great men upon this point, but we might agree in saying that it concerns us least of all things, so far as our relations to our foreign critics are concerned. It is a thing that is not apt to be made much of, except in international marriages. But our men rarely go abroad for wives; and the foreign wife-hunter in American fields seems not to make it a point that his prospective game is not high-bred, provided the essential thing he is in search of is altogether to his liking.

There are many things, though, about which we are adversely criticised by the foreigner that concern us closely; not merely because of their relation to the foreigner, but because of their relation to a high civilization. Among these are the bad manners of some of our noted men, as instanced in Mark Twain's retort upon M. Bourget. Good manners may seem a small thing to a nation of people who have accomplished so much with so little of them, and who have still so much to accomplish that they seem not yet to have the time to acquire more. But there must soon come a time of cessation from our intense commercial activity; a time, let us

hope, of restful ease, when we shall begin to look about and to ask ourselves if the play is altogether worth the candle. And what a plight we shall then find ourselves in! Recall an evening at the average club, if you can, where the majority of members come and go quietly, saying a civil good-day without effort! If you try to be simply polite, the most you get in return is a stare or a grunt, unless it be from some good-natured lout who slaps you on the shoulder. And, if you try to observe the nice courtesies that should be observed, you are met with a manner such as to make you think that you are suspected of wishing to borrow.

This should not be so in America. We are a whole-hearted, well-disposed, hospitable people, and the qualities that we possess are the foundation for politeness and polish of the highest kind. How well we might acquit ourselves is exemplified in our treatment of distinguished guests. True, our civility to them is rather deferential, is a little strained, maybe; it bears the mark of effort—the man in full possession of himself might, perhaps, call it overdone. It is not the civility of self-discipline in the courtesies of life; and, as meager as it is in this self-discipline, it is not sustained. The moment the over-tension is off we relax. The reaction from the very violence of it shows in our conduct toward one another. We do not mean to be uncivil, but it is often the man of good intentions that pulls hardest at his friend's heartstrings.

Violence is one of the most marked characteristics of the American. He is violent in his business, in his pleasures, in his commendations and in his censure. He is the best of men in his business, of whatever kind. He is the best of friends, and the bitterest of enemies. He has reached a point in civilization when this may all be toned down, without any impairment of his strength of character; when self-discipline would give him a higher regard for himself and for others; when the proper observance of the lesser moral obligations would counteract the great disregard that the more violent now have for the greater.

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It would not be difficult for a statistician to determine just how many murders among the better class of people in Kentucky have grown out of difficulties that would never have assumed even a threatening aspect, if

the persons involved had been properly trained in the courtesies of life; and the number would surprise the inobservant. The latest instance, now still fresh in our minds, is the killing of Sanford by Goebel, at Covington. Both were men of position in the community, Goebel a politician, and Sanford a bank officer. They were political enemies, and got to criticising each other violently, which ended in a newspaper article by Goebel, where language was applied that no man of decency should ever use, and which no self-respecting man would have so used who had been reared in a community where such language is confined to the vulgar. Sanford felt outraged, and called Goebel to account. When this occurs in Kentucky it is only a question of the nimblest finger as to who shall answer. Any fair criticism that Goebel might have made of Sanford's conduct would not have been resented by Sanford in the manner in which he did resent what Goebel said; for his name was above reproach, and anything fair that Goebel might have said of him would not have affected his position. It was the abusive manner and language of Goebel that incensed him; a manner and language very commonly in use among Kentucky gentlemen toward their enemies, which most of them feel, too, that they must resent when applied to themselves.

If Goebel had been a man of no position, Sanford would have paid no attention to what he said or did; because, under the right kind of civilization, such could come only from a man who is not entitled to notice. What is here said of this killing is not to raise the question of culpability as to either of the unfortunate men involved. It is discussed only in its relation to our civilization.

It may be said with frankness and with truth, as painful as the admission is, that there is probably no civilized community the world over where what we are pleased to call the law regards the taking of human life with such stolid indifference as it is regarded in Kentucky. There have been here, within the year past, murders so open, so unprovoked, in one instance of such savagely brutal atrocity, among the best people of the particular localities where they occurred, as to make one wonder how any law against killing could be so lax, or so perverted, as not to punish the perpetrators. And yet in

every instance in mind the murderers have gone free. Those charged with the execution of the law, the lawyers included, tell us the laws and their execution are no worse than the people they govern. It is an insult to the people to say it; and in numerous instances they have shown the falsity of the statement by the proscription of the murderer. Even in Covington, where opinion is equally divided as to Goebel's justification, the paper in which the assault on Sanford was published has been forced to discontinue because of the withdrawal of support by subscribers and advertisers; and those who are friendly to the more unfortunate man say his usefulness among the people who have honored him is forever over. They may believe that immediately he acted in self-defense, but that he provoked the trouble which he might have avoided is not questioned. It is, indeed, a pitiable state of civilization when two such useful lives should be brought to such a close.

To hear these affairs discussed by many of the best men in the State would simply amaze one not used to the conditions that obtain in Kentucky. They lament the necessity for killing a man, but when the necessity arises, and according to Kentucky sentiment it is continually arising, one must either kill or be considered a poltroon. Is the statement too strong? Perhaps. Where a Kentuckian is insulted—and he is the easiest man in the world insulted—he only calls his assailant to account. The assailant, to maintain his honor, must answer that he meant what he said or did, whether his words or actions were idle or not, and to maintain his honor the person assailed holds him "personally responsible." Here is the necessity for one to kill the other, and, ordinarily, it is done, for in a personal encounter the work is rarely left unfinished.

It has heretofore been the pride of Kentucky that her killings were confined to men capable of taking care of themselves, but even this miserable plea can no longer be maintained. Only a few months ago a young man was forced to marry a young woman, and on the return home of the wedding party a band of the groom's friends waylaid the carriage containing the bride and the groom, and the bride's father and mother, and shot the young woman to death. There is no rec-

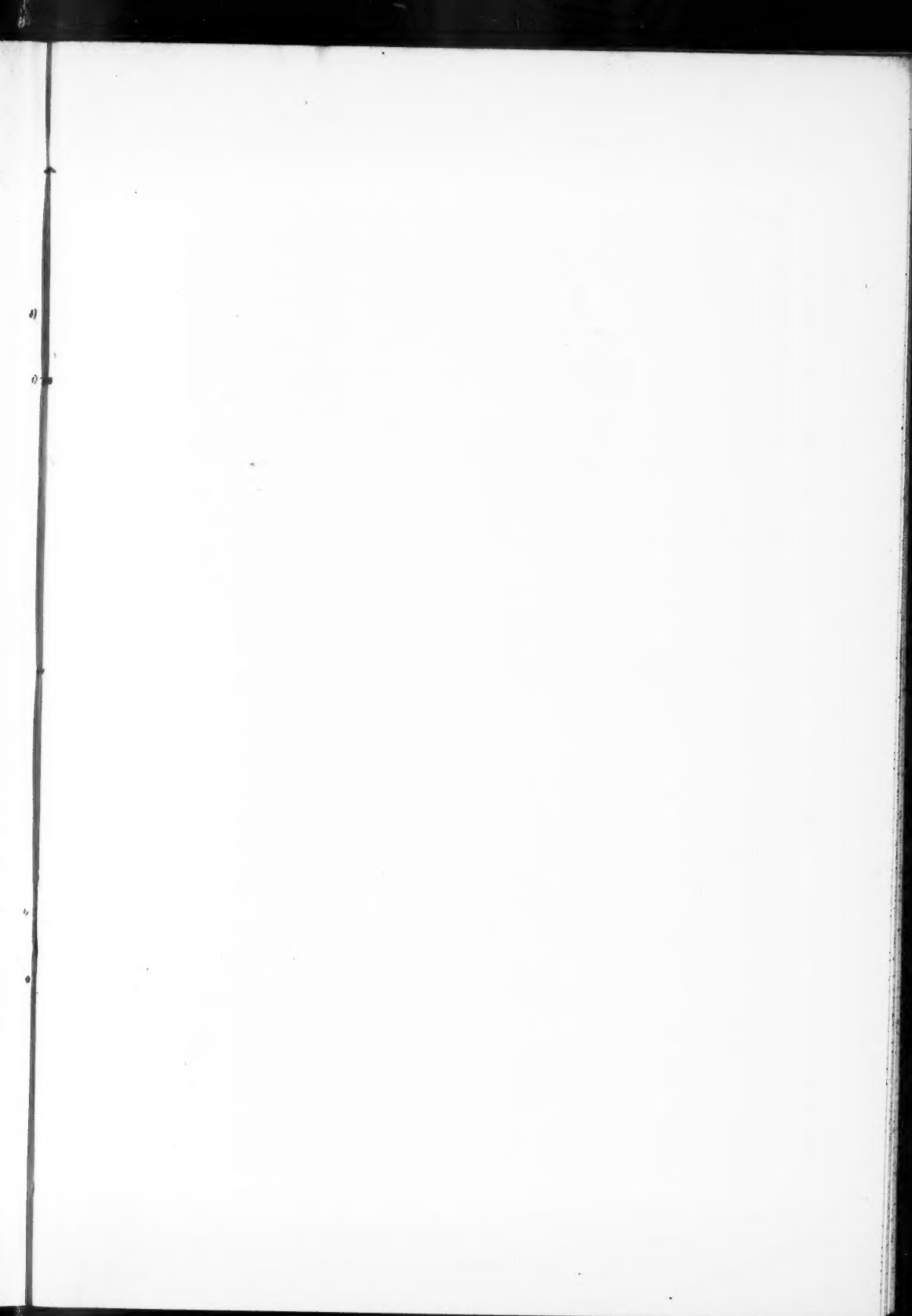
ord of anything more unprovoked or more atrociously or savagely brutal than this inhuman butchery. Yet it occurred, not in the mountains, where we are accustomed to saying such things occur, but in a county where there is no lack of schools or churches. Was it punished? To the everlasting shame of the State, its laws and its people it was not. To enforce what has been asserted the temptation has been strong to substantiate it with tabulated statistics, lest it be not believed; but the record is so shameful as to make one sick at heart to think of laying it bare.

The chance traveler in Kentucky might think the spring races at Churchill Downs, or the fall trotting meet in the Bluegrass, is the great event of the year. But in this he is mistaken. If an examining court should by any chance bind a prominent murderer over to the ensuing term of the Criminal Court, and if by any chance the grand jury should return an indictment against him, all interest centers in his trial. The ablest criminal lawyers in the State—and, judging by their success in getting murderers acquitted, there are none abler anywhere—are employed in his behalf. All of the stage setting and effective details that may enlist sympathy for him are elaborated with as much care and precision as Henry Irving is accustomed to give to his finest plays. The newspapers give daily accounts of what good he has done in the past, of the flowers and other tokens of sympathy he is daily in receipt of from those who have received benefactions at his hands, and by the time the trial begins his acquittal is almost a foregone conclusion. Can such things be? is asked. Yes, the Autocrat has in mind a Kentucky murderer prominent in his locality, over whom all this demonstration was made, when his whole life, as a man, was one miserable debauch; and he was set free to murder the next man that gave him offense.

Mark you, the Autocrat does not say that it was murder according to the Kentucky administration of law, but the killing was done under such provocation as would not have been held justifiable under the right kind of civilization.

A few days ago the Kentucky State Board of Immigration was practically closed. It may as well forever remain closed if the laws against murder are to remain inoperative.







*Painting by R. Lorenz, Milwaukee*

**The Cow-boy's Burial.**

*From Exhibition of Chicago Society of Artists.*